

PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS,

PRECEDED BY

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

Translated from the German of J. C. A. MUSEUS,
By ANNE PLUMPTRE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A SHORT SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE AUTHOR,
By his Pupil KOTZEBUE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PHYSIOLOGICAL TRAVELS



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THE TRANSLATOR,

THE following Work is not given as a *literal* translation of Musæus's "Physiognomical Travels." Adhering closely to the Author's plan and incidents, the Translator has judged it more for the advantage of an English version to omit or alter some few passages and allusions, so perfectly local, that it would have been impossible to make them understood in this country, without swelling the work by long notes of explanation, that would rather have contributed to render it tedious than more interesting. Among these alterations, none of which are sufficiently material to demand particular notice, the frequent allusions to English customs and persons are *not* included. They are all faithfully taken from the original.

It is unnecessary here to expatiate on the celebrity this work has acquired in its own country, since that is amply explained in the sketch of the Author's life and character. Though the Translator can hardly flatter herself with its obtaining equal reputation in another language, she is yet willing to hope that it may prove a source of considerable entertainment in this country.

LONDON,
March 20, 1800.

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PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS.

CHAP.

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A
SHORT SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF THE EXCELLENT MUSÆUS.
By his Pupil KOTZEBUE.

WEEP, Reader, if thou didst know him!—
or weep that thou didst not know him!—
But away with the pomp of oratory!—no
artificial aid is necessary to compose his
eulogium! I have a heart,—in that his
image still lives; the image of my former
tutor and my friend.

But how shall I awaken sympathy in the
breast that knew him not? Of what avail is
it to relate when and where he was born, or
went to school; or at what time or place he
was married? Yet must I go through this

necessary form. Reader, thou wilt find in these things nothing new or surprising, nothing but what is to be daily seen; nevertheless, as the ground of the picture, the relating them cannot be dispensed with.

John Charles Augustus Musæus was born at Jena in the year 1735. His father was then *Landrichter* * of that town, but was soon after removed to Eisenach, where he held the offices of *Rath* and *Amtmann*.

The son, a lively ingenuous boy, soon won the heart of his relation the superintendent Weissenborn at Allstadt, who took him to the latter place, and when he was himself, about a year after, made superintendent general at Eisenach, brought the young Musæus back with him thither. He was at that time nine years old, and remained in the house with his benefactor till he attained his nineteenth year. The good old man always considered him as his own son, and gave him an education suited to that character.

* The *Landrichter*, the *Rath*, and the *Amtmann* are titles of different magistrates.

Four years and a half did he spend as a youth at Jena, where he became a teacher and member of the German society, which, at that time, was an institution of much greater respectability than at present. He then returned back to Eisenach, to his parents, where he lived some years as a candidate for the ministry, and preached several times with considerable applause: a curious circumstance, however, closed this path against him. He was to have been Minister of Pfarrode, a village near Eisenach, but the peasants would not permit him to become the shepherd of their souls, because he had once been known to dance.

In the year 1763 he was appointed governor of the pages at the court of Weimar, and seven years after, professor at the Gymnasium there. Soon after he married Juliana Krüger, by whom he had two sons.

Such was the course of his life, which contains no striking occurrences to distinguish it from that of a thousand others. It was by his head and heart that he was distinguished. The genius of the author

is to be seen in his works :—these all may read and admire ;—but who shall paint the heart of the man ?—difficult, indeed, is the task, yet let me make the attempt.

Though he wrote satires he never had an enemy ; can a higher encomium be passed upon any one ? Yet it is strictly and literally true. Within the walls of Weimar lived not a soul that did not wish him well, for his humour was never mixed with gall : the arrows of his wit were never dipped in poison. The high esteem of the great, and the love of the little, followed him wherever he went.

Still do I see him, as he daily repaired to the Gymnasium, with his book under his arm, when every citizen he met greeted him with a cordial “ *Good morning !*” and he returned the friendly salutation with a smile upon his countenance, his hat in his hand, and a “ *Thank you kindly, honest friend !*” And, whenever he took a walk out of the town and saw the citizens at work in their little gardens, he had always something to say to every one, about his family, or his house,

house, or his cabbages and potatoes; and still, as if he was so deeply interested in their concerns, that the industrious labourer could not help taking off his hat, resting upon his pickaxe and spade, and becoming talkative. On these occasions the amiable poet too, always held his hat in his hand, nor would put it on till the other also put on his. Thus he stole into all hearts; and, if any one wished to behold the smile of satisfaction on the countenance of a citizen, it was only to talk to him of professor Musæus.

When in the year 1780 he was afflicted with a very severe illness, the maid one day went to the baker's shop for a loaf of bread, "*How is your master to-day?*" asked the baker. "*Very ill, indeed,*" said the maid, shaking her head. "*Ah, he will recover to be sure,*" replied the baker: "*I can't say that I know him, but I see him go by sometimes, and I have heard so much of his goodness that I think God will be merciful and spare him.*" Such was the esteem in which he was held, not only by acquaintance but by strangers, and the
A 6 only

only charm he employed to attract it was courtesy.

There be many persons in the world who lay a prodigious stress upon having their titles always given them in conversation. To such Musæus never failed of repeating it whenever it could possibly be thrust in, and if he had any doubts whether the person he addressed were *Rath* or *Hofrath*, he always gave him the latter title, that in any case he might be secure of not going *below* the mark. A nobleman, even supposing him to be only an ensign, was always *Euer Gnaden* *, for, as he would often say very drily, that costs nothing. To abstain from the chastisement of particular follies,—to chastise even general ones only with his pen, and to draw a veil over all foibles except his own, were the regular maxims of his life.

But the little humours and peculiarities to which he was himself addicted, were

* *Euer Gnaden* is the common mode of addressing persons of rank in Germany, and amounts to much the same as, in England, "*Your Lordship*," or "*Your Grace*."—*Transl.*

very frequently the subjects of his satire. Often would he make the sides of his friends shake with laughter, when with infinite quaintness and good-nature he told some ridiculous story either of himself or his wife; and he had an inimitable art, by his manner of relating it, of making even the most insignificant circumstance appear droll and whimsical. So conscious am I how much his stories would lose in the mouth of another, that I would not by any means undertake to repeat one after him, although hundreds are daily present to my mind.

Afflicted as he frequently was with bodily suffering, particularly with violent head aches, and though his life was a continued series of toil and application, yet he was scarcely ever deserted by that delightful cheerfulness which formed one of his most distinguishing characteristics. Four hours every day were occupied by the business of his office, the profits of which were very small. To improve this slender income he gave private lectures in history, &c. to young gentlemen and ladies
of

of rank, and for the first six or eight years after he was married, also took boarders into his house to educate, chiefly young Livonians. At length, he discovered that he carried about with him in his head, a more inexhaustible source of certain revenue, and devoted all his leisure hours to writing.

If the obligations of the public to the enthusiastic Lavater for his system of physiognomy are not to be rated very high, we are at least everlastingly indebted to him for having given rise to the *PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS*. With this admirable piece of humour did Musæus, though anonymously, after a slumber of many years, appear once more on the theatre of German literature. I say *once more*, since this was not the commencement, but the renovation only of his literary career. In the days of his youth, when the English *Grandison* turned the heads of all Germany, as did afterwards the German *Werther*, he first swung the scourge of satire, and wrote the *Second Grandison*, a work that reflects no disgrace upon the time of life in which it

it was written. Many years after, when his name was become celebrated by the *Physiognomical Travels*, he undertook, at the solicitation of his publisher, to re-write his juvenile work for a trifling recompence; and it now ranks as a piece of original humour, full as high, though, perhaps, it may not be so well known, as the *Siegfried von Lindenberg*.

Excepting this, we have few of the productions of his early years. *The Gardener's Girl*, a comic opera, *The Four Stages of Human Life*, a prelude with songs; some criticisms in the *Universal German Library*, and some occasional poems, are the only things he committed to the press.

"How!" I think I hear my readers exclaim, "*did a man like Musæus write occasional poems?*"—Yes, he did write them; nay, even wrote them for hire. German poetry is a plant not nurtured by the fostering care of princes, not under their auspices sheltered by a glass from winds and storms, but is left to find its nourishment by chance with the most ordinary weeds that choak the soil. How often have I seen the
admirable

admirable but ill paid Musæus, prior to the commencement of the new year, employed amid the clatter of spinning-wheels and the noise of children, (for the same room contained the whole family,) in writing a new-year's ode for the sexton of the church at Weimar, to be printed and sent about to the principal houses in the town, with the list of the births and deaths within the year. And for this he received no more than a new dollar.

Thus did this assiduous father and husband extract from his brain, for the sake of his wife and children, many an unmeaning insignificant rhyme, when, perhaps, strains worthy of immortality were left to slumber there unnoticed, because no sexton had an interest in paying for their appearance.

It was probably owing to his extreme reserve and diffidence in his own powers, that he did not sooner make a conspicuous and brilliant figure among the geniuses of his age. But his anxious longing for domestic quietude, which made him at length resolve to give up taking boarders, was ultimately

ultimately the means of his overcoming this timidity, and having recourse to that fountain which afterwards bubbled forth so luxuriantly.

Indeed he was himself the last person in the country who was fully convinced of the merit of his productions. From modesty he at first withheld his name from the *Physiognomical Travels*. For a long time it was known to very few persons that he was the author of them: he remained silently watching for the judgment they should receive from the public, and while the trumpet of fame loudly proclaimed their merits in all parts, he patiently endured their being ascribed, by the literary journals, to various other authors.

When at last the name of Musæus burst forth from its obscurity as the true writer of this admirable work, and was enrolled on the same list with those of a Swift and a Rabner; when the German public resounded it from one end of the Empire to the other with peals of applause—the literati of Weimar, who were then a very numerous

merous body, rose up and looked at each other with astonishment and admiration, at finding in the midst of their circle, a man, of whose pretensions to belong to it they had no idea. They thronged in crouds around him, eager to offer him the incense they felt to be his due, so that for a while his house was never empty ; till at length his little boy was so much accustomed to these kind of visitors, that one day looking out at the window, and seeing a man coming towards the door, he exclaimed, "*Here comes somebody else to praise papa !*"

But all this admiration had no power to intoxicate his mind. He remained, as he was before, independent of his fame, and only rejoiced as a husband and father that he had found means of adding to a scanty income, without the sacrifice of domestic repose. Yet small was this addition, since he was very ill paid for his labours. Two dollars a sheet was all that he received for his *Physiognomical Travels*, a work by which the bookseller who purchased it,

Mr.

Mr. Richter of Altenburg, has made thousands*.

The ice once broken, he proceeded rapidly in his career of authorship. The *Popular Tales of the Germans*—*The appearances of Friend Hein* †, and *The Ostrich Feathers* are in every body's hands, and their praise in every body's mouth. But few, perhaps, may be acquainted with the singular method he pursued to furnish himself with proper materials for the former work. He used to collect about him a number of old women with their spinning-wheels, when seating himself in the midst of them, he listened patiently to their gossiping stories, which served him afterwards as foundations for those tales so much and so justly admired for their peculiar elegance and spirit. Often too would he call children out of the street, and becoming a child with them, learn some new legend or

* Of all Musæus's publishers, Mr. Steiner of Winterthur alone did him justice with regard to pecuniary matters.—*Author*.

† *Friend Hein* is a quaint term in Germany for Death. *Transl.*

superstition

superstition which he repaid with a few halfpence. One evening his wife coming home from a visit, on opening the door found the room enveloped in smoke, from the vilest and lowest species of tobacco. After a few moments pause, she at length with difficulty espied through the vapour, her husband sitting by the stove, with an old soldier by him, who had got a short pipe between his teeth, and was alternately puffing forth his clouds of incense, and detailing his chronicles of marvels.

Having thus devoted every hour afforded him from business to the instruction and entertainment of the public, he purchased a little garden on the banks of the Ilm, in which was a summer-house just large enough to hold a table and a couple of chairs, and made it his constant resort for writing during the summer months. The shade it afforded was cool and pleasant, and here all was still; no noise was heard save the gentle murmuring of the river. Alas! how many hours have I spent with him in this sequestered spot, while he presented offerings to the Muses
worthy

worthy of immortality, and I first began to toy with them. Sometimes, when he had written a few pages, he would oblige me with reading them, and this was always a source of the highest gratification. I give me, reader, that I dwell upon delightful recollections:—the hours I passed with this extraordinary man I consider among the happiest of my life. When returned home in the evening, we used to gather a bunch of radishes, to season our frugal supper; and at last, when we separated for the night, gave our hands to each other as a pledge to meet again in the garden at six in the morning, and he who arrived there last was to treat the other with coffee. Oftentimes would it happen that we were coming towards our place of assignation at the same time, though from different ways, when if Musæus espied me at a distance—ah, methinks I see and hear him now!—he would immediately begin running, laughing all the time, till he was quite out of breath, that he might get the start of me. Thus simple and guileless
were

were all his enjoyments.—Ye happy hours, never can ye be recalled !

In the latter years of his life he purchased some land at Altenburg near Jena, where he built a small but neat cottage, and made a very pretty garden. His asylum of the poet's was furnished by his patron of genius, the Duchess Amelia, who soon became its owner's favourite residence.—In silent happiness did he see the shrubs planted by his own hand thrive and flourish. Alas, that he did not live to see every shrub become a tree !

At his death his widow parted with this place by way of lottery. Excepting a delightful prospect, it had nothing particular to recommend it—yet that Muses had lived and written in it, rendered it almost invaluable. Reader, if ever thou shouldst travel from Jena to Weimar, as thou descendest the hill leading down to the latter place, look on thy left hand, and thou wilt see this little cottage. Then, weep if thou didst know its former possessor, or weep that thou didst not know him !—

He

He was indeed such a man as is rarely to be found! From his outward appearance little expectation could be formed. He never put forth his talents beyond the level of the company he was in; every fool was by him indulged in his folly, since he thought any endeavours to pluck the cap and bells from his head, labour wasted, nor had he the quality in common with the witling, of never being able to repress a fall of wit. He was little attentive to the decoration of his person; his constant dress was a grey frock with a round hat, and his hair very ill dressed; he even thought that he conferred a great favour upon his wife, when he consented to put on a new coat which she had secretly provided for him.

But little as he attended to his own person, he always liked to see his wife, his dear Juliana, well dressed. To her he was, indeed, one of the best of husbands, as he was one of the most affectionate of fathers to his children. With them he would play the child; nor was he ever happier, or in higher spirits, than on
Christ-

Christmas-day, when they were to have their annual frolick. Then I have seen him sit gilding over raisins, apples, and nuts, making sugar trees, and cutting wax taper into candles, as earnestly as if it had been a matter of the highest importance. In the midst was placed an angel with an ensign of tinsel, and when all was ready the tapers were lighted, and the children called in with a shout of extasy, while he skipped and jumped about with them, and was as happy as they.

Often would he make little pedestrian excursions to Jena or Gotha. On these occasions he always carried an umbrella, which, according as circumstances required, was used as a defence against the sun or the rain, and a bundle, containing a coat and some linen, slung on a stick over his shoulder; nor did he concern himself with the idea that, thus equipped, he might be taken for a peasant or mechanic. Klinger and myself once accompanied him on one of these excursions to Gotha. There he bought a horse for his little boy; and as he was perplexed

plexed how to carry it home, he fastened that also to his stick, and so proceeded on his way. The people at Weimar, who were accustomed to his peculiarities, smiled when they saw the horse at his back, but did not therefore love him the less.

Ah, why was not *Friend Hein* more grateful to the man, who had made even him appear charming to the world. Mufæus died in October 1787, in the 52d year of his age, of a very uncommon complaint, a polypus at the heart. His death was therefore enviable and happy for himself, since it was but the struggle of a moment—but what a moment for those who knew and loved him!

The foundation of this disease he had perhaps been laying himself during a course of years. Uncommonly temperate with respect to whatever concerned the body, he knew no bounds in feasting his mind. When he had been employed the whole day in the necessary occupations of his profession, he would sit down in the evening after supper, to his writing-table, and write till perhaps two o'clock in the morn-

ing, all the time smoaking, and drinking cold coffee; nor could the prayers and entreaties of his wife and friends induce him to forego this practice. Alarming symptoms of some lurking complaint had long appeared, but he heeded them not, and the consequences were fatal.

The love borne him by his fellow-citizens was strongly evinced in the abundant tears shed among the crowd that followed his remains to the grave, in the funeral oration pronounced by the celebrated Herder, and in the simple, but interesting monument erected to him, singular to relate, by some unknown hand. Against the walls of St. James's church, is a very strong likeness of him in bas-relief, below which is an urn standing upon a book, with this inscription,

“ TO THE IMMORTAL MUSÆUS.”

Immortal indeed!—O spirit of one of the best of men! my friend! my tutor!—look down from thy blest abode, and gently wipe from my eyes those tears in which the letters tremble that my heart would dictate to my pen!

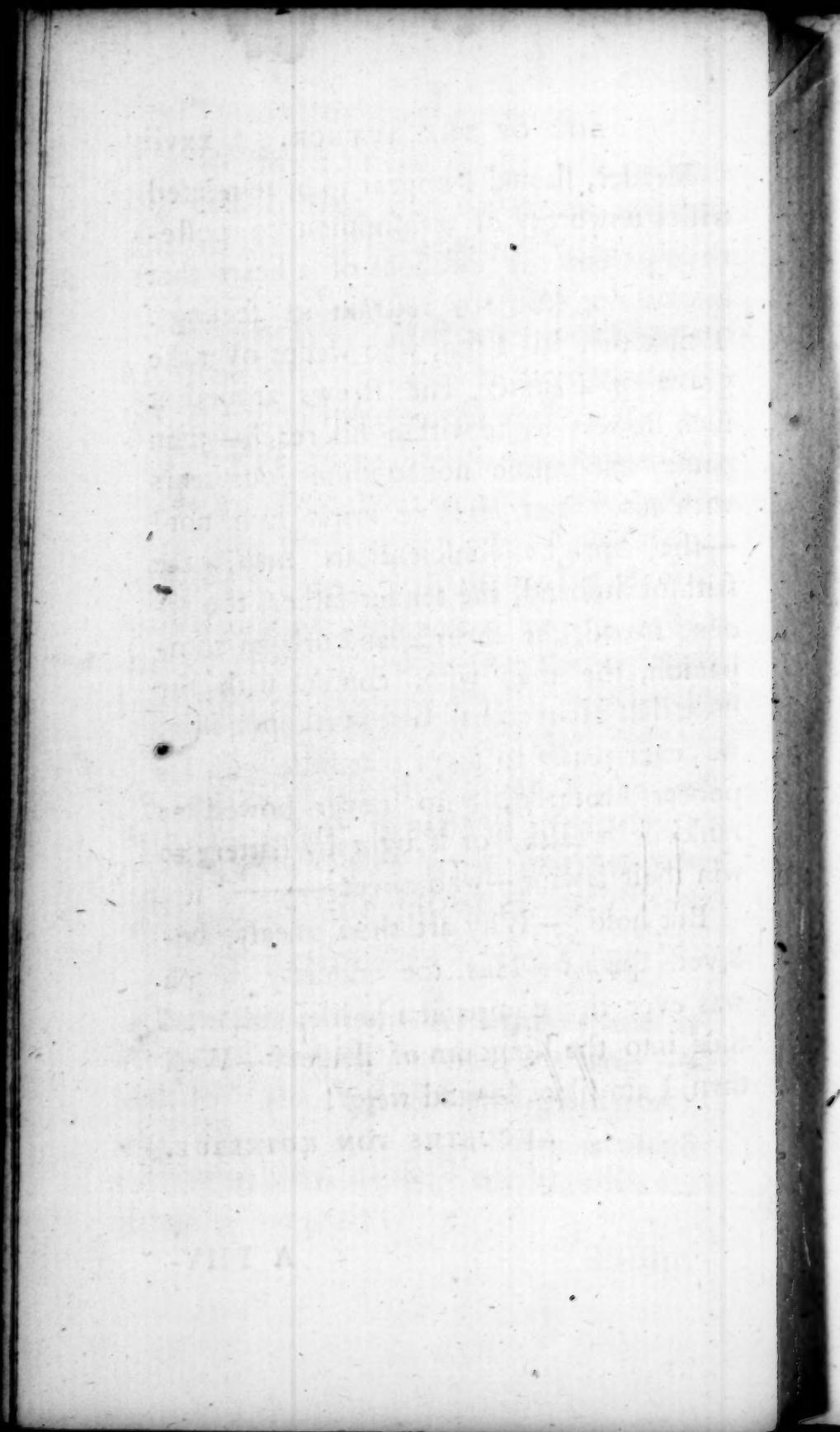
Reader,

Reader, should I appear to have related trifles unworthy of transmission to posterity, pardon the effusions of a heart that knows not how to restrain its feelings. Think that 'tis a son, who weeps over the grave of a father, and strews around it such flowers as lie within his reach—then pause, and refuse not to unite your tears with his. Yet, ah! ye knew him not!—the upright conscientious man, the faithful husband, the tender father, the ardent friend, the cheerful and urbane companion, the man who, content with the little that Heaven had bestowed upon him, was ever ready to share that little with his poorer brethren, who never bowed to rank or wealth, or sought by flattery to win their favour—who never——

But hold!—Why art thou uneasy, beloved spirit?—Has the modesty which was ever thy companion in life, followed thee into the kingdom of shades?—Well then, I am silent!—and weep!

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

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PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL:

CHAP. I.

A word from the Author to the Reader.

GOD knows how little I thought some time ago, that so extraordinary an event as the present would ever have happened, viz. that I should enter into the illustrious corporation of book-makers. I never accustomed myself to value the book-maker more highly than the hat-maker, but made my use of both as occasion required. My sheep and hare skins have been sold to the hat-maker, and my wheat and rye to the bookseller, without my entertaining the least idea that I should ever make either a book or a hat. But about a year ago I was seized—I cannot positively say

VOL. I.

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with

with illness, though it bore some resemblance to a plethoric affection; but with strange and unknown workings within me, for which I could by no means account, till a celebrated author of the present times—I have not his work at hand, else would I quote name, chapter, and verse—furnished me with a clue to the malady. He gave the child its proper appellation; called it a strong propensity of the mind to make some external effort; and convinced me that the only effectual cure would be to make the effort required. The next thing therefore was to examine what this might be, when my inward feelings told me very plainly and drily, that it was not to make a hat, but to make a book. Indeed experience convinces me, that writing a book is as much an effect of the necessities of our nature, as eating our dinner, or going to sleep.

Reader, here hast thou my credentials. Canst thou not comprehend me? then try to stop the sails of the windmill, or the great wheel of the water-mill with thy hand, when the wind or the stream drives

drives it on; or to cast anchor in the midst of the ocean when the storm rages and hurries the vessel to and fro; or to do what Tycho Brahe did as he sat at dinner at the young Chevalier de Rosenberg's table,—and see how thou wilt succeed. Better is it to let Nature take her course, than endeavour to repress her with the force of a fly, or to stifle her through overstrained modesty.

Do not presume, reader, that this propensity to writing is the mere effect of youthful prurience, or that I am going to put thee off with the refuse of my shop, as great dealers put off their old wares upon the twopenny stalls. Believe me I have selected every word and every phrase with the nicest attention, and will count them out with the utmost exactness, as my mother used to do with her pease when she was making soup, strictly examining every one, and numbering them over and over again, that she might put in none but what were ripe, mealy, and of exquisite flavour, and not one more or less than the proper quantity.

Neither have I caught the materials for my book from the air, as do many of our present writers, shaking out all the effusions of their fancy upon paper, and casting, as it were, shadows upon the wall, like a magic lantern, that are in fact nothing but illusion. I give you every thing exactly as it occurred upon my travels, as I saw it with my own eyes, and heard it with my own ears. I state the pure undisguised truth, as is the duty of every conscientious traveller.

Thus much in the first place. Now hear, in the second place, how it came about that this journey was undertaken.

Since many persons of both sexes, and of all nations, have before me wandered forth into the wide world only to furnish themselves with something to talk about at their return home, one seeking this object, another that, many of whom have met with wonderful adventures, which might be here related to the infinite entertainment and instruction of the reader, were they not wholly foreign to our purpose.—So was my mind, even from my earliest

earliest youth much set upon wandering, though I knew not for a long time what I should take as the principal subject for my speculations. To trot after others as my sheep pace after the bell-wether would by no means accord with my disposition. I could not follow Master Yorick like the sentimental mechanic, nor gape at old carved work and useless statues of ancient Romans amid the ruined towns of Italy, like the wealthy traveller. I could not, like the painter, spend whole hours in examining a Titian, or a Holbein; nor like squire Twiss, cross the seas merely to run over foreign countries; nor with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander make a botanical voyage round the world; nor with Captain Niebuhr traverse the deserts of Arabia, and encounter the blast of the Sirocco to enable the mighty men of the Faculty afterwards to compose a more efficient pharmacopeia as they lolled at ease in their arm-chairs. No, I must travel entirely in my own way, travel as never man travelled before me. It was not my plan to keep along the broad highways, where every mo-

ment I might be liable to encounter grand equipages, with the horn blowing before them to warn such little people as myself out of the way; but rather to beat my own path, not stopped either by hedge or ditch, by castle or tower; sometimes crossing the lands of others, nay sometimes perhaps even their gardens. I thought within myself, I shall not do much mischief, for even should here and there a few blades of stubble be trodden down, or a mouthful of grass be eaten, 'tis no great injury to the owner; and if he will be so unreasonable as to pursue me with sticks and poles, nothing remains but to put the best foot foremost.

It happened about this time, that one of the lost sciences of ancient days began again to rear up its head—this was Physiognomy—a science upon which the philosophers of Greece and Rome were wont to employ much of their eloquence, and upon which also in the times of our forefathers many a ponderous volume was written, that now moulders upon the dusty shelves of libraries, like old armour in our armouries.

armouries. For, with grief of heart must it be acknowledged, there be but too many senseless heads who decry this most noble of all sciences, as idle and groundless, replete with vain and unfounded fancies; who can be so blind to all that is really great and excellent in the world, as to persuade themselves that an acquaintance with the dead languages is of more use than the knowledge of mankind, and that the inquiring mind is better employed in investigating the properties of plants, in catching moths and butterflies, in classing the different species of vermin, collecting snail-shells, and inventing names for stones, than in studying the human countenance, and from the form of the outward shell, determining the properties of the kernel within. Thus has this glorious branch of knowledge lain buried in darkness and obscurity for many ages; till at length, in the grand revolution of things, it is again in these our days brought forth to light, and restored to all its original splendour.

The revival of this study has proved to me a noble mine from which I have extracted many a choice treasure, nor had I been long engaged upon the working of it before I found that it contained such a superabundant vein of ore, as to be wholly inexhaustible by human researches, and to give full assurance of affording ample food for the mind even to the end of my life. I therefore associated myself with some friends, with whom I commenced a close and ardent physiognomical intercourse, and have investigated with them its fundamental principles; with them sought diligently into the truth of its axioms; and with them come to many just and important conclusions. The result of all these observations I have with unwearied industry and accuracy regularly committed to paper, as will farther appear by my journal.

I had now for some time employed myself in physiognomising all the members of my own house, all my friends and acquaintance, and every one else who chanced to fall under my observation, clergy as well
as

as laity, my neighbours as well as my tenants; had measured every contour of their profiles by the established standard, and meditated earnestly upon them, till I was so fully confirmed in my physiognomical faith, that I believed it impossible to be shaken, when I received intelligence from some of my friends and fellow-labourers, both *viva voce* and by letter, that the bright rays of physiognomical light which had so lately begun to illumine the earth, were now no longer confined to the land on which they at first shone, but were spreading over all the Roman and German nations with equal clearness and radiance; that this new science had already been received, and its truth acknowledged by thousands, and that it was now so firmly rooted, as to leave no doubt of its continual progress and increase.

This information gave me inexpressible transport, and I immediately thought within myself, Thou shalt be the first to wander forth upon physiognomical grounds, to make a pilgrimage among thy brethren in the faith, through their physiognomical

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creeds to strengthen and improve thine own, and to witness with thine own eyes the truth of what thou hast heard reported. —I applied myself therefore more ardently than ever to my studies, and sought out with the utmost industry all the associates in the science who, like the members of the invisible church, were spread about to the four winds of heaven, over the whole German nation.

And now I am returned home from my excursion, and do not doubt that the way once opened, thousands will quickly follow in the same track : it is free to all, none can be refused a passage. Through my means, many an adventurer may be enabled to acquire fame at a cheap and easy rate, like the followers of Christopher Columbus, who, when he had by unspeakable toils and cares opened them a passage to the new world, reaped the harvest of glory of which he had sown the seeds.

Reader, I have thus put thee in possession of all the requisite information previous to accompanying me on my physiognomical tour, on which I will now enter
with

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with heart and soul. I write from my own private closet, on the day of Saint Modesti, in the year 1781, according to the new and improved calendar.

CHAP. II.

*A second, and last, word from the Author
to the Reader.*

How often does some foolish accident or other stop a man in his way, when he only seeks to go quietly along the street. As I was about to carry a parcel of my manuscript to the press, I found myself pursued by one of those troublesome fellows, who are always thrusting their noses into other people's dishes, and impertinently prying into their contents, nor could I shake him off without stopping to talk to him, and answering a thousand inquiries of what I was doing, what I had done, and what I intended to do. This was my brother Gossip, and good friend Master Elgotz, a very worthy man, and a member of the German society at Bernburg; one within whose reach no cock-chaser must come, and hope to escape being spiked at the same instant. He turned over my
manuscript

manuscript from beginning to end, but it was easy to see in his physiognomy that he had something in his mind to which he found difficulty of giving utterance. I therefore urged him, till at last out it all came.

This was neither more nor less than that as to the subject he had nothing to say, for he did not trouble his head at all about physiognomy, it was far above his horizon. In that I thought he judged rightly; and had he been at all acquainted with the science, he might have read as much in my countenance. But in my style he found a great deal to criticise; it was not the thing; quite old and out of date: it must be a little polished and modernised before I could think of printing my work. Instead of making any answer, I drew forth from my pocket a number of the Frankfort Literary Gazette, which I always keep about me. "There, sir," said I, "read this; these gentlemen understand the proper German style as well as those of the society of Bernburg. Many an excellent book has very lately been
written

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written in this plain and right-on manner. The facetious Asmus of * Wandsecker was the first, if I recollect rightly, who ever pretended to criticise it. This is answer enough, and so, sir, your humble servant."

What he had said, however, haunted me incessantly, and kept running about my head as if an earwig had crept into it. I thought within myself that there might be some truth in his remarks, and that it might be expedient to submit my manuscript to the revision of some adept in this branch of knowledge, before I should think of publication. I was sensible that harmony of style was a kind of ware, considered at present as of great account, and I asked myself what I should say, supposing all my labours were thrown away through the accidental intervention of one false tone.

• A German author of considerable note, who lived at the village of Wandsecker near Altona. His real name was Claudius, but he wrote under the assumed name of Asmus.—*Translator.*

I knew

I knew well that Master Christian Henry Smith, professor at Gieffen, had obtained, by what means I know not, letters demissary for creating people wits, and men of genius, as the Count Palatine creates doctors and notaries: for proof, see his decisions among the living poets and wits in the Leipfic Muse's Almanac. I immediately ran over the list, where I discovered the names of many friends and companions with whom I had had some intercourse during my travels, and many of whom, to judge by their physiognomy, ought rather to have found a place in the class of dunces than in that of the wits and geniuses.

I therefore collected my papers together, and packed them off immediately to one of these language-correcting gentry, a certain Master Balhorn, that he might sift them as I sift my corn. And he did sift them with a vengeance; it would have excited the sympathy of any Christian soul to see what havoc he had made among them. I was just in the situation of the peasant who applied to the young esquire to hunt the

hare out of his garden, in doing which the gentleman trampled down tree and hedge, plant and herb, fruit and flower, till there was nothing left for future hares to damage. What was to be done? I must stomach the matter as well as I could; nay worse, must even thank the ravager for his friendly offices. Happily for me, however, the foundation and principles remain the same; and I must confess that Master Balhorn has not materially altered any thing. It is a little distorted and transposed here and there, but if I find it necessary, this may be noticed in a subjoined gloss-line. Thus much I could not refrain from saying to the reader; and now to my journal.

CHAP. III.

*St. Walpurgi's Day.**Monologue during a Walk.*

OH this poor, blind, mole-like race of beings who wander about the world! They have eyes, but cannot see! Noses, but cannot smell! Mouths, but cannot taste! What a crowd of every-day faces have I not seen passing before me, who think of nothing but setting one foot before the other, drawing their breath, and looking up unmeaningly towards the wide extended heavens; wretches who live, breathe, and move, as if for no other purpose but to eat, and digest their food, or like carmen mechanically to follow their employments!

Happy the man who carries a speculative head upon his shoulders!—who does not gape and loiter about for want of something

thing to occupy his thoughts,—who does not doze, and sleep, to kill time, or want cards and dice to keep him from being wholly inactive,—who never wishes to fly from himself, but can alike draw nourishment for his mind from contemplating the tumultuous scenes of the busy town, and from taking a solitary walk in a lonely valley,—yet who never forms gigantic unattainable wishes,—never builds fairy palaces,—never launches ships of air from the stocks, nor blows bubbles from a straw by way of pastime,—neither from an overheated imagination sees angels and heavenly visions like Swedenborg,—but who, as far as lies in his power, employs his time in such a manner that it is never misemployed,—who not only does not occupy himself with any thing silly or useless, but endeavours to turn his attention to some object of public utility, to one at least that may ultimately prove so, though the *bonum publicum* might not be the principal object in view at the commencement. For where indeed shall we find the man who makes the public good his prime object?

Alas !

Alas! it is but a mask, a varnish, as in former times the *soli Deo gloria* of the author. But it is at least more decent and becoming to wear the cloak, than to run naked at noon-day into the market-place, and be pursued through the town as a madman.

Every man has some particular vocation, some office, some benefice, or somewhat of the kind that claims his first attention. But if any one says that he devotes himself wholly and solely to this, and never thinks of, or attends to any thing else, I say he is no better than a beast of burden, who wears the yoke from necessity, and when he can slip it off, thinks of nothing but eating and lying down; he appears to be busy, but is in fact an idler.

A man who has any feeling of his own powers will not suffer himself, like a bird in a cage, who has no choice left him but to hop incessantly from one perch to another, to be confined within the narrow sphere of that business into which chance has thrown him, but will endeavour to extend his circle of action, and, together
with

with the occupation on which he depends for support, will drive some other, which the humorous Sterne distinguishes by the title of his hobby-horse. Indeed I consider an occupation of this kind to be as necessary towards supplying nourishment for the internal, as the proper calling is for providing it for the external man; it strengthens and expands the inward powers; warms and exhilarates them; gives peace and serenity to the heart, and is a sure asylum, whither when storms rage abroad, the soul may always fly, and rest in security till they are passed over. Indeed what can speak more strongly in favour of the hobby-horse, than the consideration that the man who has had a proper feeling of its value in this world, can form no idea of any joy in heaven equal to that of being wholly at leisure to ride the beloved animal from morning till night, without interruption or ridicule. Thus Lavater hopes hereafter to study physiognomy in a better world, upon subjects far more sublime than any to be found in this.

Master

Master Elgotz, my brother gossip, to his outward calling of a minister of God's holy word, adds the inward one of an ardent naturalist. Not a man within a hundred miles has a keener scent at a gnat or a grasshopper; the most unwearied sportsman does not pursue a hare more eagerly than he pursues a butterfly; nor are the sins of those who come to confession investigated more carefully, than the nature of caterpillars and other vermin. When he can add a new specimen of marble, a choice pearl, or a plumb-pudding stone, to his collection, he is not less transported, than was the assiduous Rust at cutting up a poor devil of an author. About a year ago the good man's house was burnt down, when he lost all his books, clothes, and furniture, besides various other property; but this gave him little concern, since he saved his collection of insects.

His next neighbour is as great a bee-master as any in the whole country. Two of his children died last spring, but his bees had lived happily through the winter, every hive swarmed twice in the summer,
for

for which he obtained a prize from the bee-society, and his family losses were entirely forgotten.

Alderman Wilkes was a bookseller * in London, as was Nicolai at Berlin. Both were much addicted to speculation; the former made the politics of his country his hobby-horse; the latter mounted upon the literature of his. Both became authors, and grew to be the heads of formidable parties; both were alternately carried about in triumph as a show, or pelted with rotten eggs, and hanged or burned in effigy, and both counted their martyrdom as a gain, though purchased at the irrecoverable loss of their only means of living.

If the minds of Klopstock and Wieland had not soared above the callings to which their corporeal necessities destined them, then would the care of the eternal welfare of a little flock in Thuringia alone have rested upon the shoulders of the one,

* The German author has made a mistake here. Alderman Wilkes was for a while united with his father in a brewery, but never followed any other trade.—*Transl.*

and the guardianship of the terrestrial prosperity of a little town in Swabia have occupied the sole attention of the other. Thus had they spent their whole lives, groveling in the dust, without feeling the noble frenzy of poetic inspiration, nor had ever climbed the heights of Olympus to drink nectar and ambrosia with the gods.

Moses Mendelssohn in one hemisphere, and John Hancock in the other, began their worldly careers as merchants, the one by inheritance from his father, the other through the love of gain. Both eagerly followed their natural vocations; the first as super-intendant of a velvet manufactory, the second as a smuggler; but both also mounted upon a hobby-horse, which seemed to have little connection with their first object of attention, and entered with like success upon the study of philosophy. The first commenced an inquiry into the theory of the Socratic wisdom, and discovered it: the second, into the practice of the Machiavelian art of governing, and attained his point also. Each in his respective

tive hemisphere acquired more celebrity, by his feats in hobby-horsemanship, than he could ever have hoped to obtain in the mere intercourse of buyer and seller. The one became president of a society of literati in Europe, the other president of the Congress of the United States of America.

Wherever I cast my eyes, examples press upon me in confirmation of my opinion that the proper vocation of a man is nothing better than mere drudgery, and that he who has no predilection for some hobby-horshcal study that may invigorate his mind, refine his feelings, and increase his stock of knowledge, stands in the chain of being but just above the mole or the oyster. And such for the most part are those I have already noticed, as having this day passed in review before me.

Alas! I cannot but feel that for a considerable portion of my life I have been myself no better than a day-labourer. I and my cattle have both worked for our food, but they felt not the indescribable tedium experienced by their driver when his day's work was at an end. For some years past
the

the cultivation of my estate has been the vocation to which the inheritance left by my ancestors has doomed me. To this I have carefully attended; but it was not sufficient to occupy the whole of my time, and satisfy the necessities of my soul. How often has lassitude been my companion when I have gone from the vineyard to the corn-field; there, under the shade of some luxuriant tree, to contemplate my reapers; and if I chanced to spy some fair Moabitess among the gleaners, I have been obliged to have recourse to her for the amusement of a tedious hour. But this never was more than a palliative to the malady; a radical cure was still wanting, and every day I felt more and more fully assured, that man was not born merely to vegetate like a plant, or to eat and lie down like the ox, or only to continue his species like the moth of the silk-worm.

Happily for my repose, I have at length found the true species of nourishment with which to satisfy my soul: the chrysalis spring in the midst of the sandy desert which I, poor unhappy wanderer, have so

long traversed, wearied and fainting, without finding a single drop to strengthen and revive my drooping spirits. Behold me!—what animation sparkles in my eyes since I have dipped my staff in the honey of physiognomy, and touched with it my parched lips!—what mighty powers do I not feel within me!—what strength, what feeling, what activity!

The study of man is now a part of my daily occupation; it is become quite my element. In the midst of my profiles, I seem like a fish in the water, and am as happy as Master Elgotz at the sight of an uncommon caterpillar, as his neighbour at an unexpected swarm of bees, as Alderman Wilkes in his minority, as Klopstock was formerly in writing his *Messiad*, and is now at the helm of his literary republic, as Wieland at the birth of every new offspring of his productive genius, as the sage Mendelssohn in revising his *Phædon*, as president Hancock at the head of his congress, or even as the great Lavater himself, when he is penetrating with eagle-eye into the inmost recesses of the human heart,

heart, by measuring the length of a nose, and the height of a forehead.

Yet it is not my aim to become a dazzling meteor to the world by means of my hobby-horse, like many of the above-mentioned illustrious cavaliers. The favourite study commonly clings to the *studio inclarescendi*, like the ivy round the lofty elm, or the virgin ivy round the mouldering wall. But sufficient is it for me, if I can only speculate in my beloved science, investigate it, arrange, order, prove, compare one profile with another from morning till evening, converse with myself upon the subject, ramble about in the new fields of physiognomy; or, if urged by my humour, sally forth into the world at large, in quest of farther discoveries.

N. B. Here followed a glorious rhapsody before Master Wise-head was pleased to Balhornize it.

CHAP. IV.

*St. Pancras' Day.**A Dialogue.*

I HAVE a huntsman whom I love as my own son : he is firm as an oak in his integrity, and understands his business thoroughly : in few words, 'tis an honest youth ; and, to crown all, has a most intelligent, upright, faithful, and well-formed countenance. With him I yesterday set out early on a ramble into the forest ; it was a fine spring morning, clear, serene, and every way calculated to animate and enliven the fancy. As we were wandering along, I revolved in idea all the faces I had seen the day before at my good neighbour Captain Rambold's, till my imagination was by degrees so warmed, that their several forms seemed to rise before me as the thin vapours out of the valley beneath, which ascended in little clouds

to the horizon; while my observations upon each afforded an excellent breakfast for the mind. Philip also began to speculate after his manner upon the tracks left by the game in the dew, or impressed upon the soft surface of the earth. Every moment were my observations interrupted by his, as he discovered first the print of a stag's foot, then of a fox's, then of a hare's, then of a badger's. All this was to me rather *mal-à-propos*. "Leave the hares and foxes to themselves, good Philip," said I, "you interrupt my meditations; drive your hobby on in silence, and leave me in silence to drive on mine."

"With permission, sir," replied Philip, "I could wish to speak one word—it—it—dear master, it presses forward so forcibly, that there's no keeping it back."

"Well, speak then," I answered, "and afterwards hold your tongue."

But instead of speaking one word, and then holding his tongue, the short dialogue that had already passed between us served only as a prelude to the following conversation, which, as it is not of an every-day kind,

I minuted down in my journal, whence it is now extracted.

PHILIP.

Why, master, I should like of all things to know how it comes about that you've plunged yourself on a sudden over head and ears in a science which, saving your honor's presence, does not seem worth a nut-shell?

MASTER.

Thou art a simple fellow, good Philip, and had better not trouble thy head with things so far above thy comprehension.

PHILIP.

I'm sure of what I say, your honor. And if all that a man has in his heart was written upon his forehead, I know of one that could judge better about the matter than a dozen of your scholars put together.

MASTER.

And whom, Philip?

PHILIP.

The king of the gypsies; who after the last war travelled through Franconia.

I was

I was with him as a boy better than three years. He could foretel good and bad luck to a hair; and knew directly, only by looking in your face, whether you were an honest man or a rogue. He could point with his finger at once to a pick-pocket as he stood among the crowd, and all without so much as being able to tell a single letter.

MASTER.

Well then, thou see'st that this science is worth something more than a nut-shell.

PHILIP.

Whew---w---w!—why, master, all this was mere hocus-pocus.

MASTER.

Hey! how?

PHILIP.

He used to find out, first, what sort of people they were. He employed me as a sort of spy, you see; and when he knew all about 'em, he could not be much out in his prophesying.

MASTER.

A cunning sort of knave was this same king of the gypsies, to cheat the people in this way.

PHILIP.

I think so too, master ; he cheated other people, and you gentlemen cheat yourselves: you first find out what a man's character is, then examine his face, and think you make out in his nose what you know to be in his heart.

MASTER.

You raise a maffy club in the air, Philip, but do not let it fall on the right spot. When the physiognomist contemplates the outward lineaments of a man, and connects them with what he knows of his inward soul, he inscribes this connection firmly in his mind ; and when he sees another man with the same lineaments, he immediately concludes that the hearts resemble as well as the faces. Then if he prove right, he notes down such and such lines as indicating such and such a character.

ter. This is what we call the study of physiognomy.

PHILIP.

There's the very thing, master; *if* he prove right! But it's my belief, that for one shot that hits, a hundred miss.

MASTER.

Thou art an incredulous fellow, Philip; thou canst not believe in the existence of any thing unless thou canst grasp it with thine hands.

PHILIP.

Why, master, I can't help seeing that your *phuzonomy* is but a kind of a cheating science; and, besides, brings ill luck to poor folks.

MASTER.

Softly, softly, Philip! Don't push this matter too far, for I wish to remain friends with you.

PHILIP.

As to be sure I hope we shall continue as long as I live.

MASTER.

Well, and what is this ill luck?

PHILIP.

That poor Mark should be driven out of his service, nay, and out of the village too, with wife and children, bag and baggage, because of his *phuzonomy*. Poor fellow ! he must become a thief, though he is not one now. Yesterday when he was driving the flock to the wood, "How goes it, Mark?" says I. "How should it go?" says he: "bad enough," says he, "God knows."

Here my poor Philip wept so bitterly, 'twas enough to have moved a stone to compassion.

I turned to the worthy fellow, "Give me thy hand, my lad," said I; "thou art my honest Philip; hast a tender womanish heart; but I love thee the better for it. Yet thy compassion is ill-bestowed upon Mark; believe me he is an impudent worthless rogue."

PHILIP.

I'm sure nobody can charge him with a piece of knavery.

MASTER.

MASTER.

Very true. But think what a face the fellow has.

PHILIP.

To be sure he has a thick sausage mouth, a knavish eye, and bristly hair like a swine. But that isn't his fault.

MASTER.

Nor mine neither. Yet if thou wilt not be convinced by my judgment, observe what I am going to relate. Last winter when I was taking the profiles of all my people, among others I took Mark's, but without thinking amiss of him at the time. I hung all the profiles up together in my closet, and never concerned myself more about them till one of my physiognomical friends happened to pay me a visit, who immediately began inspecting my collection of physiognomy, and soon exclaimed, "How's this, my friend; what has Rudgerodt to do here in the company of honest people?"—"That is Mark, my shepherd," I answered, "not Rudgerodt." This Rudgerodt, you must know, Philip, was a monster and outcast

of human nature, who was guilty of all sorts of atrocities. Upon this I immediately began to compare Mark's profile with that of Rudgerodt in the Fragments, and found that they resembled as exactly as one egg does to another. Now tell me, is it possible to endure the perpetual sight of so rascally a countenance?

PHILIP.

But does the book say, that because a man happens to be like a rogue, he must be one himself.

MASTER.

Not absolutely so. But if he be not already a rogue, he certainly must have a strong bias that way: of that there can be no doubt, else what becomes of physiognomy.

PHILIP.

I don't care about that; I only know that Mark may be a bit of a wag, but I'll be sworn he's no rogue.

MASTER.

A wag! Bravo, Philip! I rejoice to find that thou hast some feeling for physiognomy.

siognomy. Waggishness is a fair outside ; but hear what the author of the Fragments says upon the subject of Rudgerodt's outline :—" That the same lineaments distinguish the wag, the knave, and the wit : " and this is the very case with Mark. *Thou* canst not weigh the fellow's heart, but *I* can.

PHILIP.

Now I understand the matter. You first judge the outside from the inside, and then go on to judge the inside from the outside. This Rudgerodt was a rogue at heart ; so you gentlemen think 'tis to be seen in his countenance ; that's going from the inside to the outside ; and because poor Mark happens to be like Rudgerodt, then you say that he must be a rogue, which is going from the outside to the inside. But this wo'n't stand, master ; 'tis quite fancy, and nothing more.

MASTER.

Only have a little patience, and when Mark has got the rope about his neck, you'll see that I'm right.

In

In this manner we continued our conversation for some time longer ; but I found that Philip was not to be converted. So much, however, did I wish to inspire him with a just sense of this noble science, that at length it came into my head to begin with him upon another ground. It happened that a bullock had passed that way, and had left a very plain impression of his feet in the dew. " See there, Philip," said I, " the mark of a stately deer ; he must have been a sixteen years old stag at least."

Philip looked in my face with a smile of contempt. " A stag!" he exclaimed ; " probably a beast out of your honor's own yard ;" and immediately began a long dissertation upon the foot of one animal, and the foot of another, with directions how the print of each might be distinguished ; and not only whether it were that of a stag or an ox, but whether it were a stag of three, four, or five years old, all which is well known to a huntsman who has been properly trained to his business. This was the very point to which I wanted
to

to bring him ; and after letting him go on for some time, at last I interrupted him saying, " I have you now, my honest lad. You will not give any credit to physiognomy, yet are a greater physiognomist yourself than any of our school."

PHILIP.

I'm sure that's more than I know, master.

MASTER.

Only mark what I say. The grounds of our arts are essentially the same ; the sole difference is, that you physiognomize by the foot, I by the head. What the impression of the hoof, the cloven foot, or the paw, in the dew or the snow, is to you, the contour of the human face is to me. The moment you discern an impression sufficiently plain to mark the form of the foot, you know by what animal it is made, and can track him to his hiding place, though it were in the thickest part of the forest. In like manner, the moment I see the contour of a face, whether cut in paper, or modelled in plaister,

plaister, I can trace out the inward man, and follow him into the remotest recesses of his heart, what pains soever he may take to conceal himself.

PHILIP.

Indeed, master, I can't say, but this is something to the purpose. Yet I wo'n't give up for poor Mark's sake."

MASTER.

Come, come, good Philip, leave Mark out of the question, and confess freely that you are driven to your last fortress, and cannot escape; therefore surrender at once, and attend to me. If among the various species of animals, the foot of each is so particularly distinguished that the discerning huntsman, upon seeing the impression of it, can immediately pronounce, not only to what animal it belongs, but even the age of the animal; if, I say, the foot of a beast, which may be termed only a subaltern work in the creation, be thus distinguished, why should not the same certainty be affixed to the form of the human face, when man is indisputably

disputably the noblest of all his Creator's productions? Only let physiognomy be studied for as long a time as the huntsman has studied his science, and you will then see wonders. Nimrod, the great hunter, doubtless did not carry his art so far as you or any other of our foresters.

PHILIP.

“ This may be : but Mark ! poor Mark ! ”

Thus did I at length constrain my good Philip, by his silence at least, to yield to the force of conviction, and own the truth of physiognomy, while at the same time my own faith was confirmed more strongly than ever.

N. B. This dialogue never was in the hands of the style-decorator. I found it some time after the other papers were returned. I am afraid, indeed, had it passed that ordeal, my poor plain undisguised Philip would have come out so frizzed and powdered, that I never should have known him again.

CHAP. V.

St. Lucian's Day.

Correspondence.

I HAVE this morning received several letters by the post, which, with their answers, are here minuted down.

LETTER I.

From Mr. Sportler, first Magistrate at Geroldsheim in Franconia.

“ A certain light-fingered fellow, by name Dietrich Flappert, but more commonly known by the nick-name of Dietz the sharper, more than a year ago found means to escape from justice here, and though he has been advertised in all the newspapers, we have not hitherto been able to procure intelligence of him. Now since it concerns the public in general, and the magistracy of this town in particular,

particular, not only that the farther evil intents, designs, and purposes of said offender should be restrained, but that he should be brought to condign punishment for past misdemeanors; and since the magistracy of this place have received certain notice, intelligence, and information, that a certain stranger has lately settled within your jurisdiction, who gives himself out for a village-barber and horse-doctor, and that said village-barber and horse-doctor in stature, age, features, complexion, dimensions, &c. &c. answers to the description of said Dietrich Flappert, commonly known by the nick-name of sharper Dietz; these are to require the worshipful magistracy of your town, in all friendship and good-will, to deliver up the body of said village-barber and horse-doctor, to the end that said village-barber and horse-doctor may be conveyed in safety into our hands, for the purpose of being bound over to answer to the charges whereof he stands accused. Which favour shall be gratefully acknowledged, and in like case duly returned by the magistracy of

of this town, being your loving brethren in office, &c. &c. &c.”

The advertisement is omitted, since it has already appeared in print in so many of the public papers.

(Inclosed.)

“ Away with judicial formalities, which are as stiff and ungraceful as the countenances of the magistrates to whom they are addressed. Both are universally disliked, yet for the sake of getting one’s bread, one must give way to them.—Let me now address you, my dear sir, in a more familiar stile. I have been informed by a letter from a friend who resides in your neighbourhood, that you and I are equally passionate votaries of the noble soul-reviving science of physiognomy. For my own part, I feel so warm an admiration of this glorious and useful branch of knowledge, that I embrace every one who devotes himself to it with brotherly love. If you, sir, have a heart equally open to-
wards

wards your brethren in this study, I know not of any thing that should hinder us from entering into the strictest physiognomical friendship and intercourse, and from mutually imparting all our scientific discoveries to each other, for the general improvement of the world and of ourselves.

“ So perfectly do I rely upon the accomplishment of my wish, that I hesitate not, without farther ceremony, to take the first step in this communication, by sending a specimen, an example, a proof, or whatever you may please to call it, for the promotion of our mutual labours.

“ Inclosed you have a faithful likeness of the before-mentioned Flappert, which will tell you much more than the advertisement. The latter you will send to your chief magistrate, and let him do with it what he thinks proper in his judicial capacity; though I am sensible that whatever *he* does will be labour in vain. We will, however, pursue the matter upon much more certain grounds in an extra-judicial way. Procure a profile of the suspicious village-barber, and according to the result

sult of your observations upon it, either take the fellow into custody without farther ceremony, or let him remain in peace where he is. But I intreat you in any case to convey the profile to me, if you be disposed, as I trust you will be, to maintain the intercourse I solicit.

“ For two years past I have had the silhouette of every offender that came under my jurisdiction carefully delineated, at first only with the idea of studying more accurately the physiognomy of criminals, and thereby of qualifying myself to write, as I ardently wish, an appendix to the Lavaterian codex, in which this branch of the science is not treated so diffusely as it deserves. For indeed it appears to me far more important to be able to distinguish at first sight the house-breaker, the highwayman, the adulterer, or the murderer, and to pronounce upon him the *hic niger est*, than to analyze the poetical, heaven-directed æthereal soul, which, wrapt in its intellectualism, is to the material world a mere non-entity, without the power of butting indeed, but also without wool.

“ The

“ The good and useful of any matter, however, commonly manifests itself in more than one way. You see that I already begin to extend the use of these profiles much beyond what I at first proposed. Nothing more is requisite to effectuate a total and important revolution in the method of pursuing and judging offenders, than to awaken among the worshipful magistracy, in general, an ardour in the study of physiognomy equal to my own. No longer then will advertisements be put forth stating the colour of the eyes, the hair, the clothes, of the suspected criminal; he will be traced out by his own shadow. Or, according to the proposal of the ingenious author of the physiognomical cabinet, we shall merely repeat a certain formula, which by its magic power will place him instantly in our custody. Then, without *corpus delicti*, without a *viva voce* examination, without calling witnesses, by a simple investigation of his contour, which will become the judge’s Urim and Thummim, the whole matter will be settled. In very difficult cases, where a
hair’s

hair's breadth, more or less of height in the forehead, or length in the nose, makes all the difference between an honest man and a rogue, it may be expedient, instead of sending a long case of some dozen or perhaps score sheets of parchment, to be referred to the opinion of counsel, to submit a profile, delineated with particular care and accuracy, to the inspection of a committee of the physiognomical faculty. And these gentlemen, it is to be hoped, will give in their decision with more confidence than the three judges, who, according to the ordinances of the tedious Hercomannus, were to pronounce sentence *cum rationibus dubitandi et decidendi*.

“ Yet at present the science is too much in its infancy to entertain the idea of seeing these glorious prospects speedily realized. The bright dawn of the physiognomical morning now illumines the lofty and mountainous regions. When it begins to extend its influence to the valley below, you shall hear more upon this subject. Perhaps it is rather to be wished, than hoped, that the present twilight may be soon dispersed.”

ANSWER.

“ WE warm ourselves, I perceive, by the same fire ; and since it appears to have communicated equal heat to both, 'tis but reasonable that each should contribute his bundle of fuel to its support. Believe me, nothing shall be omitted on my part to promote the accomplishment of your object ; proof of which shall be given in my punctual compliance with all you desire. I have already sent your official document to our magistrate, that what is necessary to be done on his part, may be effected with the utmost expedition.

“ Meffner, the bagnio-keeper, for that is the name the suspicious person you mention had assumed here, has left our village, and resides now in the market-place of the neighbouring town as a horse and worm-doctor ; the matter of the profile must therefore rest for the present, since I have it not in my collection, else it should be forwarded to you immediately. The fellow may well have an unquiet conscience,

since he was not only out of the way the preceding winter when the profile ought to have been taken, but even had the impudence to make a jest of our whole science.

“ With regard to the other point mentioned in your letter, I lament that I cannot proceed so entirely without hesitation as in the first. You must be very sensible, that if friendship be not built upon the brazen pillar of physiognomy, it cannot have sufficient hold or support. 'Tis therefore one of my most sacred principles, borrowed from that book which we both hold in so great reverence and esteem, never to grant my friendship to any man till I have seen either him, himself, or his silhouette delineated with the utmost care and exactness. Of this precept you cannot be ignorant any more than myself, and will doubtless agree with me in following strictly the track marked out by our great master. But let me add, that I trust this delay will rather promote than obstruct the purposes of our union.

“ Prove

“ Prove then the contour I inclose, and tell me freely whether or not you think the arching of this forehead, the rising of this nose, and the horizontality of this mouth, are such as to be worthy of your friendship. And if this candour on my part be returned with equal candour on yours, then will you enable me to judge, by the examination of your lineaments, how far our hearts beat in unison with each other, how far we may with truth be said to harmonize.”

LETTER II.

*From Mr. Francis Laibling at Regensburg
in the service of the Honourable Hessian
Embassy.*

“ SINCE an embargo was laid upon the Gassnerian devil, and since his free ingress and egress to and from the human body as in trading to a free port, has been suppressed, and Gassner’s extensive trade in exorcising consequently extremely restrained, indeed reduced as it were to

a mere smuggling traffic, this active and enterprising man has applied himself to another branch of business, in which he is not likely to shine with less lustre than in the sphere he has been compelled to quit.

“So long ago as when he was a student at Prague, he made the human countenance his particular study, and had obtained so great a degree of precision in judging the character by the features, even at first sight, that father Suadens, a cold-blooded reasoning man, and at that time his bosom friend, believed him to possess some *secretum naturale*, while others attributed the whole to frenzy or enthusiasm. To this study he still adheres, and at present employs a very excellent master in taking the physiognomy of the most remarkable among the possessed, in their paroxysms, either before, or during exorcisation. These are in due time to be laid before the public in the way of a physiognomical essay, by which he hopes to bring over at least the connoisseurs in the science, to his side, and convince them that certain lines in the countenance may form as legible an expression

pression of diabolization, as the letter O does of astonishment and admiration.

“Some of these drawings I have been so fortunate as to procure by means of a member of the Imperial Academy of Arts, Mr. Ignatius Hagemeyers, cousin to Dr. Hagemeyers, physician at Sterbenhausen, and herewith transmit them to you, as not doubting that since you pursue the study of physiognomy with so much ardour, they will prove an acceptable present. What I know of the persons to whom the heads belong, shall be annexed, as well as the number of devils that had taken possession of each.

“The first is the young nun Mary Anne Oberhuberin, from whom, according to the Protocol, bearing date, Ellwang the 8th of December 1774, the great exorcist Joseph Gassner expelled ten thousand million of devils of unchastity.

“The second is daughter to a citizen at W——, drawn at the moment when the exorcist laid his hand upon her breast, and commanded the devils to come forth. Their number was estimated at eleven thou-

sand at least ; and indeed father Gassner assured us that the devils never ventured to enter a virgin in a smaller number, because in the chaste days of our forefathers, eleven thousand virgins, under the conduct of St. Ursula, once took the field against Satan himself the prince of devils.

“ Thirdly ; a disbanded soldier, a native of Amelung in Swabia, who formerly served in the Imperial army, and had ever since the battle of Rosbach been afflicted with such strange twitchings in his foot, that he wished to be exorcised. According to the deposition of the possessed, eight legions and a half of devils had settled themselves in his legs, but because they had been too busy there, he was compelled some years before to have a leg taken off, and at the same time therefore, when he was to undergo the Gassnerian operation, he had a wooden leg. But as this is no *objectum obsessionis diabolicæ*, only half this number of evil spirits must be taken into the account.

“ Fourthly ; a citizen of Ellwang complained of only a single Satanic-angel,
which

which tormented him day and night. He was exorcised; on the following day he turned his wife out of doors, and from that moment his torments were at an end.

“ The fifth is the prior of a monastery, who never would allow that he was troubled with demoniacs. Notwithstanding this, the inferior members of the society compelled him to be exorcised, when no less than seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand, all demons of avarice, came forth.

“ The sixth is an ancient damsel of pleasure, who, as a young girl, had harboured as many devils about her, as Europe is said to possess inhabitants. They had however been diminished to only nine hundred and ninety-nine, who at the first word all forsook their ancient dwelling.

“ These numbers added together, and taking the legion at six thousand six hundred and sixty-six heads, make on the whole 10,000,817,330 devils and a half, expelled from the above-mentioned persons, by the celebrated father Gassner.

“ These sketches I beg you, sir, to examine, and give me your opinion upon them.

them. If in their physiognomy you discern true demonianism, be pleased to observe in what part of the countenance it has fixed its proper seat, whether in the space between the forehead and the nose, or between the eyes and the mouth, or in the fixed wildness of the eye, or in the distortion of the open mouth, or in the general swollen muscles of the face, or where else. I wish to compare your judgment with the Gassnerian commentary upon them, which I hope soon to receive."

ANSWER.

"I have read your letter with attention my friend, and am sorry to say that I am convinced it is not meant seriously, but merely in sport. I pardon the offence, however, for the sake of the hints with which it has furnished me, and which I shall find extremely useful in my pursuit of the most glorious of all sciences.

"It cannot be unknown to you, that when Gassner made so great a clamour with his exorcising trade, and all people
were

were running after him, the gentle Lavater also followed the croud, when he was heard to say aside, "*A miracle*!*" He supposed himself unobserved, but the listeners had caught the word, and eagerly repeated it after him. He however declared that they had not understood him rightly; he only meant to say, that he would freely give six new Louis d'ors to any one who would ascertain whether Gassner's art really were miraculous or not. Here the Berlin sages interposed, and said that such an inquiry must be wholly futile, and the person who should enter upon it would return home as wise as he went out. And why? For this simple reason: because it was impossible that the matter should be determined, since 'twas not in the power of any man to decide, whether the persons he affected to cure were really diseased, consequently whether

* Lavater's enthusiasm is by no means confined to the science of physiognomy; he is equally a religious enthusiast, and almost, if not altogether, believes, that a power of working miracles still subsists upon earth.—*Transl.*

his method of cure was natural or supernatural.

“ And why impossible to be ascertained ? There is the Gordian knot which I trust I can unloose by my physiognomical skill. For since every thing that is within a man is impressed on the outward features as plainly as in a mirror, it follows as a necessary consequence, that whenever the devil has taken possession of a man’s heart, his cloven foot and tail must be discernible in the form of the nose, the mouth, or the forehead. There cannot indeed be any doubt that the letters which compose the word demonianism, are as plain in the physiognomical alphabet, as those which belong to the words genius and understanding: the only difficulty is, who shall point them out. They are hieroglyphics like the inscriptions on the Egyptian monuments ; and many an obelisk, which perhaps bears some important information, is useless, because no one possesses the right key for explaining it: but let it be examined by one who can decypher only a single line, and with this clue the whole may be made

so clear, that no art shall be requisite for the remainder.

“ Friend, thus it appears to me with respect to the physiognomical expression of demonianism. If St. Lucas had but preserved to us the contour of one possessed, in onyx or carnelion, so that the tooth of time might have had no power over it, it would have been in truth of more value to us, than all the other originals in the Lippertian Dactyliotheca. By this means we should have had an opportunity of studying the true expression of demonianism, and thus have been enabled to decide with certainty whether the Gaffnerian dæmons were of genuine metal and stamp, or whether they were no more than impostors; but here, alas! we fail. I am therefore firmly of opinion, that at present it is as impossible absolutely to determine in which of the lineaments to look for the proper seat of possession, as to ascertain in which gland of the brain resides the proper seat of the soul; though I hold it to be equally undoubted that the soul has its seat in the brain, as that Satan takes
 D 6 his

his in the lineaments. Gassner may as well therefore let his essay slumber in peace, if the whole matter be not, as I suspect, a mere hum.

“ As I examined the six sketches, methought the heads were not wholly unknown to me, and I soon recollected, with a great degree of confidence, that they must be taken from the plates in some ancient bible. To that book therefore I had recourse ; and discovered that the second head is that of the Adulteress in the eighth chapter of St. John : that the young Nun is a Magdalen : that the Prior's head is taken from that of the unjust steward, or of the rich man : and the worn-out lady of pleasure from the Apocalyptic Fornicatress.

“ As to the third head, the Swabian foldier, with which indeed I am most pleased, it appears to have the true expression of the Wolffian phrenzy. And since this is evidently taken from one of the Gergesene demoniacs, I cleave to it, in the hope that it may prove a keystone, which shall hereafter lead to the discovery

discovery of the genuine physiognomical features of demonianism. Thus much for the present, from, &c."

LETTER III.

*From Mr. Rennefort, Riding-Master, at
H——.*

"Don't think yourself injured that you have been obliged to give so long credit for your oats, for you will, notwithstanding, reap double profit from them. The whole load was musty; but nevertheless for your credit, or for some other weighty reason, the cattle were obliged to eat them, and the consequence is, that the whole stable has been ill. Thus you may have some of our most capital horses a bargain, whence comes one profit, and the double comes from having a good price for bad oats.

"Were I disposed to think ill of you, I might suspect this matter of the musty oats to be a trick of your own to get the cattle cheap. But no! I rather mean to
heap

heap coals of fire on your head. You shall have all the advantage of this business, and the prince must put up with the loss.

“ I have got a couple of pretty riding nags for you. The first is a Cimbrian, and before he was disordered by your oats, was a sprightly, spirited, animal, and his physiognomy exactly like that in the vignette of the fragments of which your letter gave me an account. The beast is moreover remarkable from having, as a colt, been dressed and ridden by the great Klopstock ; and had the poet’s meditated campaign against the Russians ever taken place, this horse was to have shared his laurels. Formerly he had some bad humours ; as for instance, that he would not suffer himself to be saddled quietly, and could not be rode without a martingale ; indeed we who are knowing about horses, are of opinion, that poets are not good jockies, any more than that riding-masters are good poets. At present, however, the Cimbrian is as gentle as a lamb, and you may trust him with perfect safety.

“ The

“ The second is a patient solemn gelding, who never indeed, to my knowledge, carried a poet upon his back, but who nevertheless appears to have something poetic in his disposition, since he marches in a solemn spondee measure, slow, but sure; and, like all other merely mechanical beings, would do well for a sumpter-horse or pack-afs. Should the cattle here offered prove agreeable, please to favour me with a line, and in a week they shall be in your stable. As to the price, we shall have no difficulty in arranging that when we come to a general settlement of accounts.”

ANSWER.

“ If my corn did not prove so good as you expected, the fault must not be charged to me. I cannot command the harvest. It had been an easy matter, however, to have prevented its doing any injury to the cattle, by not being in such haste to feed them with it, but first spreading it out in the sun for some days to dry.

“ I have

" I have been served in pretty much the same way with respect to the lot of books sent me from the last Easter fair. In return for my ready money, I received nothing but the very excrement even of our present race of authors ; the fetid smell of which cannot so easily be taken off by exposure to the air as the mouldy effluvia exhaled by my oats. Yet these I must be content to read if I would not starve. I console myself by reflecting, that no better food has for a long time been stored up for the illustrious public by its purveyors the knights of the quill, notwithstanding which, this same public is so good natured as not only to be content about the matter, but even to swallow the vapid medley with eagerness : such is the force of habit. And I am well convinced, my good sir, that the like would soon be the case with your horses ; not only would they in time lose all dislike to my oats, but even snort and neigh the moment the odour of them reached their noses.

" Your

“ Your offer of the two nags I embrace with thanks. The idea of riding the Klopstockian Pegasus is peculiarly grateful to me, provided he be sound in the legs; and the rather, as I have a little plan in my mind for an excursion after harvest. I think of making the tour of the German dominions, and perhaps in my progress may be tempted to step aside into Switzerland, not merely on the score of amusement, but rather in the way of a certain business, in which I am now as deeply interested as the emperor Sigismund ever was in the council of Basle, or Captain Basedow in his philanthropinian vessel *: that vessel in which he sailed about for some years prosperously, and with a fair wind, but which was afterwards reduced to such extremities, that she was compelled repeatedly to fire signals of distress. This

* *Philanthropinum* was the name given to certain academies of which Basedow, in conjunction with others, were the original founders. They were designed to carry into execution Rousseau's plans of education, for which there was at that time a general rage throughout all Germany.—*Transl.*

I hope

I hope will not be the case with me. It was to this intended journey I alluded in one of my letters, when I made so many inquiries respecting horses.

"If, therefore, the nags you mention appear suited to my purpose, send them without delay. You understand that I do not wish for a prancing charger, but neither should I like to mount a mere cart-horse."

LETTER IV.

From the High-Bailiff of Minnesingen.

"WHOEVER wants a good pointer, I will readily acknowledge, cannot be better served than by applying to you. My Durafs has scarcely his equal in the field, and I give your Philip full credit for being complete master of the art of training dogs. But does any one seek a tutor for his children, I warn him in this research to be aware of your good offices.

"Woe is me! do I perpetually cry on account of your Heidesheim gentleman.
God

God knows what strange vagaries have taken possession of his head, for I understand not a word about them. When I suppose my children diligently engaged in their studies, as I was compelled to be in my youth, this hare-brained fellow, instead of attending to *hic, hæc, hoc*, is running about the forest with them, helping them to make little huts of lattice-work like bird-cages. These are to represent temples, and in the midst of each is raised an altar of turf; one of them is consecrated to virtue, another to history, another to wisdom, &c. &c. Each is surrounded with a hedge of rose-bushes, or something of the kind, while jessamine, woodbine, and other sweets twine themselves within the interstices of the lattice.

“ Mad enough ! and bad enough for my garden !—For this dolt of a tutor has in my absence grubbed up all the flowers to plant them round his temples, till the whole place looks like the haunt of nothing but moles. I wonder he has not also brought the oaks and beeches from the forest to
supply

supply their place, and thus turned the world completely upside down.

“ I should have no objection to the play-thing, if he only carried the children to visit it every day by way of exercise; for I think a walk good for their healths; but then their books ought to be studied with double diligence at their return; for as to what they learn in the huts going from one to the other, as if they had a mass to say in each, I consider that as equal to just nothing at all. Besides when he does pretend to be instructing them, he is all the while amusing them with droll stories, commonly inventions of his own: his aim, he says, is to make them cheerful and happy, and he does not doubt that they will by this method of education make giant strides in improvement, as if he were possessed of seven leagued boots.

“ But this won't do with me. I know very well that if children are taught to play at every thing, they will never do any thing but play all their lives; never have perseverance enough to bore through hard wood. When the least exertion is
required,

required, they will see mountains rising before them, which not having sufficient resolution to attempt climbing, they will consequently gain nothing but empty heads and monstrous bellies. In my time things went on in a very different way. My tutor used to make learning such a task to me, that I had rather have wielded the woodman's axe than opened a book. How did I execrate Latin, and how gladly would I have made a bonfire of *Propria quæ maribus*, Corderius, and the whole tribe of *Selectæ, sacres* as well as *profanæ*. I can't say indeed that I have ever found Latin of much use to me in going through life; yet by this means I acquired such habits of industry, and such a taste for labour, that when afterwards I was obliged to drag on a heavy load of business, I bent my neck more easily to the yoke.

I assure you I should make short work with my Heidesheim emigrant, were he not protected by my wife, who, alas! to own the truth, is not the second, but the first person in this house. Indeed between
ourselves

ourselves I cannot deny but that I am sadly hen-pecked. Yet what better can be expected, when an old grey-headed man like myself marries a sprightly young woman of fashion. Venus and Vulcan for that !

“ Among other fashionable humours of my wife’s, she has lately taken to the study of physiognomy, in which our pedagogic genius is a great adept; at least gives himself out as such; for the fellow is as cunning as a fox, and seeing how matters stand in the house, thinks it more necessary to keep on a good footing with the mistress than with the master. He, therefore, physiognomizes with her, while she in return philanthropizes with him; and thus goes on the action and re-action of the wheels of my domestic machine, while, like the bell of the watch, I must patiently and quietly hold my tongue till required by the surrounding mechanism to speak.

“ I should however concern myself very little about the matter, if my wife, who seems sadly at a loss for something better to do, only physiognomized her neighbours; but the thing does not stop here.

Her

Her penetrating eye has lately been pleased to discover that our Frederick has the genuine nose of a minister of state, probably because she has a violent ambition to have one of her sons a great man about the Court, Now since he is the only one of my children whose education I have kept in my own hands to govern and scold him at my pleasure, I am driven and goaded like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, to give up the boy to her management. She has plagued me for several weeks to enter into a convention for an exchange between him and William; and could I be certain of purchasing by this sacrifice the dearest thing to me in the world, domestic peace, I know not but I might even be tempted to yield to her, notwithstanding that the boy being the very image of myself, is my particular favourite, and that I have often sworn he should be formed and fashioned by my own hands, or I could not lie me down to sleep in peace. The patriarch Jacob had twelve sons by four wives, and though this plurality of the latter might now and then occasion him a matrimonial rub,

rub, yet as he had not a philanthropic tutor in his house, the education of his numerous offspring did not create him half the trouble and anxiety that I have experienced with that of my comparatively small family.

“ Thus you see plainly that this neoteric tutor, this Wigand, whom I took into my service entirely at your recommendation, is the prime cause of all the mischief. I must beg of you therefore to take some measures to free me from such a disturber of domestic peace, and send him back again *ad locum unde*. But the affair must be so managed as to prevent my wife’s having the least suspicion that I am any way concerned in it. This obligation I shall consider as of far greater importance than did Goetz von Berlichingen formerly regard any service performed for him by his knights.”

ANSWER.

“ THE German nation is in our days afflicted by two sorts of pestilence, and ’tis difficult to pronounce which is the most

most calamitous. The first is the murrain among the cattle, against which no specific of sovereign efficacy has yet been found, although many a doctor has arisen engaging by an electuary, a ball, or an injection, to effect a cure. The other is the pestilence of education, the true method of which, according to our present race of systematisers, was totally misunderstood by our ancestors, and is only now brought to light.

“ After a long train of bunglers, who in vain sought to stop this contagion, or at least to turn the disease into such a channel that, instead of being a public calamity, it might be rendered of public utility, the philanthropic physician Basedow arose and endeavoured by his palliative to obtain this desirable object. For however the world may suppose that he first created the disease, in order afterwards to administer the cure, it is a certain fact that the German nation had been infected with the education fever long before the name of Basedow was known. He, seeing what evil consequences might arise from the

farther spreading of the contagion, erected his hospital as a resort for all who were bitten by the educationizing-worm; and because the medicines he offered had the recommendation of novelty, he was soon surrounded by a multitude of followers. But since he neglected to apply for his Majesty's royal letters patent, establishing him as the only legal administrator to this disease, others soon began also to put forth their arcana. These he was of too peaceable and unoffending a nature to interrupt, and he therefore suffered them to cook their salves and plasters unmolested, nay even gave some of them indentures, as if they had served an apprenticeship with him.

“Of this number was Doctor Bahrdr, who, by means of only a ten days communication with his master, was transformed from a mere blockhead, to a man of taste and learning; as was afterwards this same Wigand, of whom you complain, by the like term of acquaintance with Doctor Bahrdr. Neither however must be considered consequently as ignorant pretenders, but rather as extraordinary geniuses; for
a genius,

a genius, as you must well know, does not go on slowly step by step, weighing every idea, before he adopts it, in the nice balance of false and true, but pursues his course with a rapidity that defies all obstacles, flying as it were upon the wings of the storm. Diligence is a term wholly unknown to him, and ordinary knowledge gives him the most inveterate nausea.

“ In the next place, since in our days, love, the small-pox, and the distemper among the cattle, have all been successfully brought under the power of inoculation, whence the happiest consequences have resulted; in like manner the infection of pedagogy may very probably soon be communicated in a manner somewhat similar, though much more easy, since here no incision would be necessary, for the purpose might be fully answered by evaporation alone.

“ Leave the ordering of every thing then to your domestic Esculapius, rely upon his talents and mode of education, and all will go well. 'Tis a bad thing for

your children to be often changing their tutor, for what one builds up, is pulled down by another ; and when all comes to all, 'tis much the same with every different system of education ; great cry, but little wool. That glorious investigator of mankind Lavater, who is not otherwise disaffected to the philanthropinian system, says very rightly that the great object of education is not so much to instil into the mind, as to bring forth what is concealed there already. It appears to me, that the matter may be well illustrated by supposing a man taking a long string of yarn for the purpose of making it up into a skein, it signifies not at which end he begins, either way the thread follows, and the end is obtained. But should one begin at one end, and another at the other, the whole would be entangled, and the thread must be often broken and tied together again, which would occasion much trouble and vexation.

“ You, my dear friend, (I speak with freedom,) are yourself not a little infected with the disease of education, as indeed must almost inevitably be the case with
with

with an affectionate father. But the evil has so long been fixed in your habit, that it is become a chronical malady, which cannot be reached by medicine. If Wiggand's manœuvres displease you, merely because you were not yourself modelled in the same way, I would wish you to reflect, that since within the last thirty years a wonderful progress in improvement has been made in various sciences, why not also in that of education? Many very learned men, even the Berlin critics themselves*, consider the matter in the same light, and clap and applaud the new philanthropinian system, while they endeavour to hiss the old school regime off the stage.

“ And here, since upon your account I have this matter very greatly at heart, I cannot forbear quoting a passage from these celebrated critics much to the purpose.

“ Think,” say they, “ of a canary-bird, with his wing cut, his eyes burned out, and fastened by a little chain

* Nicolai, and his coadjutors, in the celebrated periodical work, *Die allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*.—Transl.

to his leg, to draw his food and water up in a cup, and here you have the symbol of one of the common race of men, educated in a common way. But think of another canary-bird, fastened indeed by a chain, but with the full use of his eyes and wings, who is suffered to fly about the room, and use the powers he possesses to the utmost that the limits of his chain will permit, and you have the symbol of a man educated on the new system, and not of an every day kind. Which is in the best situation?"

"Thus much, my good friend, by way of apology for Wigand, and his philanthropic method of education. And now one thing by the bye, on the subject of the canary-birds. I have a breeding cage, and have endeavoured so to train my birds, that I might with safety put many more links to their chains when I suffer them to fly out, or even allow them free ingress and egress, without any restraint whatever; but in this I have not yet succeeded, and Philip says it is impossible; this however I deny, for every thing is possible that can

can be done. And if the philanthropists have not yet done all that is possible; if the ball has not reached the boundary at which it was aimed, thus much at least must be allowed, that the old system of education will bear no comparison whatever with the new.

“As to what you say with regard to Jacob, and the discipline established among his children, I answer, happy had it been for them if they had been trained by a philanthropic tutor. You perhaps are not aware how faulty Jacob’s system of education was in the very essence, and the venerable patriarch has been properly chastised for it by the reformers of these days. “Jacob’s conduct towards his children,” says one of them, “was radically faulty; for inasmuch as he spoiled Joseph, merely from his superior affection to his mother, as he clothed him better, and made him lord over his brethren, he was himself guilty of all the envy and hatred thus excited towards him. Nor was Joseph himself sensible to, and grateful for, his father’s tenderness, since in his prosperity

prosperity in Egypt he entirely forgot him, and after treating his brothers with great severity, even required Benjamin, his father's remaining darling, to be brought before him, ere he would grant the supplies wanted for the general support of the family *."

" Thus far my author. This is droll enough, but I cannot however think it difficult to prove, that Jacob's system of education was in reality very defective, when compared with that practised at the Dessau academy †; and that supposing the patriarch had lived within reach of a philanthropinum, he would have done much better to send the males of his family thither one and all, rather than have retained their education in his own hands, since he seems, my friend, to have been even as little qualified for the task as thyself. Let Wigand, then, still hold your children's leading-strings, it will be much

* See *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, vol. 34. page 134.

† The first academy upon the philanthropinian system was instituted by Basedow at Dessau.—*Transl.*
for

for their advantage ; his heart is sound, and his head far from empty. The moment I saw him, I was convinced of his understanding ; it was impressed on his forehead, it sparkled in his eyes, and descended thence in a direct line down to the roots of his nose. What pleased me particularly in the fellow was the keenness of his physiognomical eye. I felt his pulse a little upon that subject, and soon perceived that he could read the human countenance with as much facility, as Matthias the schoolmaster reads the notes in the hymn-book. And if he does see in the contour of one of your sons, the future minister of state, this is no act of treason for which he deserves eternal banishment.

“ But if Wigand be right in his opinion, the lad cannot possibly be, as you say, your perfect resemblance ; since neither the form of your face, my good friend, or of my own, would cut much figure in the cabinet ; nor has it indeed ever entered into our heads, as it did into that of Master Jobson the shoemaker, that we are qualified to new sole the state.

“ I live in the hope that my letter will set all to rights in your bosom, and reconcile you to continuing Mr. Wigand in his post. Should it not prove thus fortunate, be so obliging as to inform me, and we will then consult how the matter may be settled in a different way.”

CHAP. VI.

Ember Week.

*A Physiognomical Speculation on the Text,
“ For the promotion of the Knowledge
and Love of Mankind *.”*

PHILANTHROPY!—thou key-stone of all
physiognomical mystery!—thou plainest
guide!—thou staff and light to the wan-
derer in the path of science!—not fleeting
meteor and illusion of the senses!—shortest,
securest point, on which the ardent searcher
after truth can stand and survey the whole
expanse!—But also stumbling block to
the wavering!—glimmering north-light
to the purblind!—tormenting grain of
sand in the eyes of him who looks with
unhallowed glances into the sacred dark-

* It is perhaps not known to all readers, that La-
vater's work is intitled, “ *Fragments on the study of
Physiognomy, designed for the promotion of the know-
ledge and love o f mankind.*”

ness of this Sybillian grotto!—nay even sometimes pebble from the running brook, flung from the hand of the stripping shepherd's boy, against the rocky forehead of the giant who derides thee!—Philanthropy, I hail thy form!—As is the seed, so is the harvest!—Labour and wages are weighed in an equal scale—a rich return of fruit is dealt to him who with unabated diligence lays his hand to the plough to break the hardened soil, and fit it for the reception of the shooting germ—while on the contrary thorns and thistles alone are his portion, who with equal power to toil, rests indolently on his staff, surveying the ground indeed, but without exerting any effort to render it fertile and productive.

One of these three things must undoubtedly be the lot of all who stand in the court of the physiognomical sanctuary. The initiated, or the true man of science, seeks and finds, foment and warms his benumbed limbs at the sacred flame of the altar, and retires invigorated and inspired. The dabbler gropes about in the dark, breathes on his hollow hand, but remains
cold

cold as ice, nor feels the benignant influence of this ethereal fire. The scoffer, lastly, mistakes the whole physiognomical *trias harmonica*, which yet rests upon equally demonstrable physical grounds, with the harmonic unison or agreement of sounds; and no one will deny that the discord or concord among a variety of tones, depends entirely on the geometrical proportion of the length or shortness of the strings. Against the scoffer therefore the doors of the sanctuary are closed, as a just punishment; he is put under the ban, for so he will have it, since he banishes himself. Faint and thirsty, he stands by the side of the crystal spring, yet will not bend down to refresh himself with the salutary waters, but rather petulantly throws mud and stones in to trouble them—he loves not, and will not love.

Such were my reflections.—*My reflections!* Heaven defend me!—Scarcely a single syllable came from my pen; and I must endeavour by a few words of commentary to track out my own path again. Mr. Beautifier has laid about him

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at such an unmerciful rate, dabbing his brush here, and there, and everywhere, that I can scarcely find any traces of my own foundation; the pumice-stone is very requisite to rub out all the superfluous colouring. Now, reader, hear me, myself.

Physiognomy points to philanthropy as the end and aim of the science, and he who pursues it with this view, will soon reach the destined goal. The mere looker-on considers the whole as only a play-thing, a Nuremberg toy, while the fool rubs his eyes, and cannot see how physiognomy should be the mother of philanthropy. With these 'tis all according as they happen first to strike into the right or wrong path; but with the scoffer 'tis otherwise; his skin is too hard ever to be penetrated by the mild feelings of philanthropy, and on him therefore the science takes exemplary vengeance, by closing the path entirely against him.

One of these three things must certainly happen to the student of physiognomy; either he succeeds in becoming master of the science, in developing its mysteries,
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and comprehending how it promotes the knowledge and love of mankind; or he learns nothing about the matter, but remains a cold spectator all his life long; or he overturns the whole, and, unable to comprehend how physiognomy, and the knowledge and love of mankind, can be spun together, so that the web of human perfection should be woven from them, he wantonly takes the thread and twists it this way and that for his sport and pastime. Such an one, however, has his punishment in being deprived of the power of feeling the love it inspires. Thus much for the commentary. And now to proceed.

Such were my sentiments when the first sitting of our private academy was held: which private academy, through the benevolent intervention of several opulent philanthropists, I hope by the next meeting will have assumed the form of a public institution. At this sitting, as might reasonably be expected from the ardour with which a new undertaking is always pursued, and from the abundant and rich materials furnished by our subject, many very important

portant things were brought under discussion.

The ex-professor Wandeler, the author, though under a feigned name; of the intercepted correspondence, published a short time since, upon magic, sorcery, casting nativities, sympathy, and spirits; a work, which, to the honour of our age, establishes the truth of these things beyond all controversy,—this keen writer, this man of profound knowledge, this bosom friend and table companion of my neighbour the Chamberlain von —, opened the sitting with a sublime and eloquent oration upon the foundation of the whole science, the awakening of the physiognomical sense.

When he had concluded, Doddsley the bookseller, formerly publisher of the Fugitive pieces, a work that has for some years been visibly declining for want of nourishment, nay is now almost wholly forgotten, rose and made a motion to the following effect: That a deputation be immediately sent to the author of the Fragments, or at least that a petition be transmitted to him, praying, that he would no longer

longer withhold from the public the long-expected fourth part of his work upon the unphysiognomized parts of the human body, particularly the hand, and hand-writing, and the calves of the legs, that rich source of scientific investigation ; but that he would consent to its publication without delay, and thus appease the insatiate cravings of many a hungry student. The motion was read twice, and ordered to lie upon the table.

Next rose Mr. Rector Brunold, and delivered a long and learned Latin dissertation *de scientia physiognomica antediluviana*. In this he brought forward a new opinion with respect to the mark set upon Cain, and proved, to his own entire satisfaction at least, that all disputes among the expounders of this passage must be settled at once by his physiognomical explanation of the subject. Lot's angels then afforded him an opportunity of expatiating in a very new and ingenious manner upon the character of the angelic physiognomy. He assumed, as a first principle, that this was fixed, like the human, not arbitrary and regulated
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at the will of each particular individual, else the angels in question must have been guilty of a very criminal degree of misconduct, in assuming a form of so much beauty, as to draw after it such disastrous consequences. Nevertheless they are at liberty, he added, to modify their features in various ways, since the devil can sometimes assume the appearance of an angel of light. Yet however disguised or modified there are still certain lines by which a keen sighted physiognomist will not fail to discern at once the angelic physiognomy, and *vice versa* instantly to detect the satanic. He concluded with some interesting information respecting the tenth of the superior angels, called Hexael or Dr. Schrœder's angel*, who before the deluge lived in habits of great intimacy and frequent intercourse with the sons of men, instructing them in making swords and breast-plates, and in working gold, silver, and precious

* See Dr. F. J. W. Schrœder's new collection, for the higher branches of natural knowledge, and chemistry. Leipzig 1778. Treatise the second, chap. 1st.

stones. On this he took occasion to start many new and ingenious conjectures respecting the nature and physiognomy of this angel, till at last warmed by his subject he eagerly exclaimed,—“ But who has ever investigated the nature and vocations of the other nine angels belonging to this class ! ”—and immediately proposed that this inquiry should be given as an exercise to the students against the next meeting. He then summed up the whole, with an earnest wish that the learned Dr. Schrœder himself, who certainly must understand the subject better than any other person, would pursue his researches farther, till he should make us as well acquainted with this class of angels as the celebrated naturalist Schreber has with the class of sucking animals.

Dr. Baldrian, a cold scoffer, and headstrong in his temper, who constantly disputes every thing advanced by others, and will never suffer any thing advanced by himself to be disputed, who of course does not believe either in the symbolical books or the *acidum pingue*, and who during the whole sitting had many times yawned

yawned in a very loud and indecorous manner, now drew up his head, like one who had something very important to deliver, looked round upon the assembly, and at length with great formality, and without a blush, put the following question: "Whether, taking an impartial view of the matter, all the harangues just delivered were any thing better than mere wish-wash, or at the utmost physiognomical micrology, by which the science lost much more than it gained."

A very long and warm debate now ensued, the result of which was, that even supposing this reproach to be well-founded, our academy did but stand upon the same footing with all other societies of the kind throughout Europe, from the Royal Society in London, to that of the *Nature Curioforum* in our own country.

This point being settled, I produced a number of profiles of the peasants on my estate, which were all examined, and assigned to their respective classes. Among these I had taken care to include Mark's, when to my no small satisfaction its perfect agreement

agreement with that of Rudgerodt instantly struck every one present. Some of the gentlemen even supposed that I had laid a snare for them; my only motive however for what I had done was to obtain the greater certainty upon the subject, that the rogue might not be condemned undeservedly.

Dr. Grobian here put in with a strange conceit. He had been for some time observing my silhouette very attentively in the glass, and comparing it with those I had produced, and he now remarked that the resemblance between them was very striking. This made me at first somewhat contract my brow, as I thought he meant to banter me; but when we came to anatomize the faces, and compare each feature in the one with the corresponding feature in the others, the truth of the physician's observation was incontrovertibly established. I was for a while not quite pleased at being obliged to acquiesce in this discovery; yet when I reflected, that all the peasants on my estate are worthy honest people, Mark excepted, who is no native, (for that

rumour accuses the miller of some times tampering with the meal, and that the parish-clerk muttered one day, that he had a light finger with the corn sent to be ground, is no *proof* against him,) I thought there was no reason to be offended at the physiognomy of one honest man resembling that of another, be he who he would. At the same time I could not help thinking it extraordinary, that my tenants should all be as like their landlords as one egg is to another. Yet the more I considered the profiles, the more I was convinced of the fact, however unable I might be to find a sufficient reason for it. But since within the last decade of years that Wolff's doctrine *pro merito* has been explained, many things have appeared in the world without a sufficient reason, I thought it was scarcely worth while to trouble myself with investigating the matter, only I resolved to turn over the Fragments for an hour or two before my going to bed.

And by an extraordinary co-incidence, when I applied myself to this delightful occupation, I opened the book at the very
part

part where the author treats of family physiognomy, which he asserts to be preserved through a long succession of generations, so perfectly, that were a number of portraits of two different families to be ranged together promiscuously, there would be no difficulty in pointing out at the first glance which belonged to the one, and which to the other. I embraced the idea with transport, since it gave me a full and satisfactory solution of the doctor's problem. I bethought myself that this same estate had been for many ages in my family, and as it was probable that my ancestors had been no less forward in promoting population within their domains, than the lords of other estates are in theirs, the presumption was, that many of my peasants might in reality be descended from the same stock as myself. Hence too another stream of light burst upon me ; and from the above fruitful doctrine, I soon shook down a hat full of useful truths which are here transcribed for the benefit of others who may wish to make them subjects of meditation.

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In the *first* place, That physiognomy is the only true test by which to judge of relationship.

Secondly, That persons of very different ranks and names may belong to the same physiognomical pedigree.

Thirdly, That very heterogeneous forms of countenance in the same family, leaves a strong presumption of cuckoo's eggs in the hedge sparrow's nest.

Fourthly, That the ruddy faced footman, with the proud confident air and manners of the young gentleman, and the young gentleman with the stupid vacant physiognomy of the coachman, though they be not in their proper soil with respect to situation, are perfectly so with regard to the *physiognomicus mentaliter*.

Again: Hence too I acquired a clear idea of the meaning of the words, "*For the promotion of the love of mankind.*" For when should I, or should I ever, have embraced all the peasants upon my estate with brotherly love, had not my physiognomical enquiries convinced me that they were all my brethren and relations? Or how otherwise

otherwise would the generally received prejudice of the great distance between the lord of the estate and the peasant, which had grown up with me, and twined itself about my heart like wild hops, ever have been rooted out of the soil.

My cousin!—my fair cousin!—How will this initiation into the physiognomical mysteries accord with thy high ideas of rank and nobility of blood? The country maidens in whom thou hast only seen the unpolished organization of human nature, are perhaps in fact rude copies of thy genuine family picture.

Let us venture the experiment of a physiognomical comparison between thee and them. But it must be made only with the expressive features of the countenance, not with the contour of that towering Alp covered with snow, and whose summit is lost in a cloud of gauze and blonde, that rises upon thy head. An old truth, long established in the world, says that all men belong to one family; but by the help of a little consideration we shall perhaps find, that we need not go back so far as the

deluge to discover the true progenitor of our village brotherhood. The lion belongs to the cat tribe, the same as the cat to the lion: and to console us for this little humiliation of our imagined consequence, we may reflect that 'tis the same all over Europe.

It only remains then to use this research into family mysteries with the wisdom of serpents, and the innocence of doves. Dost thou ask how that is to be done? I answer: Let us enjoy the prerogative of birth in silence, without endeavouring to make any living soul feel our superiority; let us meet all beneath us with complacency and love, and we shall thus the most effectually prevent their entertaining so presumptuous an idea as that they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

CHAP. VII.

*St. Kilian's Day.**An Adventure.*

THERE is an old saying, that what we pick up under a hedge is seldom of much value; but the rule, like all others, has its exceptions. This day I have found a treasure; under a hedge 'tis true; yet one that could not be bought with gold, though of more worth than much fine gold—the pleasure of administering consolation to an unhappy being, of alleviating misery, and reviving fainting necessity. This is what our pastor on a Sunday recommends to us, and I have practised it on a Tuesday. I have therefore proved the idea, that I am incapable of performing a generous action, which the good man has entertained ever since I ordered my Philip last winter to destroy the nets for hares in the parsonage orchard, to be erroneous.

Beneath the apple-tree behind my garden, at the going down of the sun, I found a female form reclined, who supported her head with her left arm, which was rested upon a small bundle of clothes and linen. A straw-hat ornamented with a pale pink band and two withering field-roses, almost covered her face; her mouth and chin alone were to be seen, but they gave promise of something not unlovely.

Here, thought I, is nourishment for thy physiognomical cravings; and my heart led me irresistibly to make an acquaintance with the fair stranger. I accordingly stole up to her unobserved; but how was my soul wounded at hearing deep sighs issue from her swelling bosom, while with her white apron she wiped away the tears that hung on her cheeks as the morning dew upon the trees and herbage. Every sob from this unfortunate sufferer was like an electrical stroke to my heart, and had not a sudden accident roused me from my state of sentimental transport, I had listened to the lamentations of the lovely maiden, even till the twinkling stars had been witnesses

witnesſes of my trance. But compaſſion had ſo ſtrongly taken poſſeſſion of me, that my heart was perfectly diſſolved. Now ſince it happens, that when I am diſpoſed to weep, my tears are always preceded by a ſtrange twinging in my noſe that brings on a fit of ſneezing, I immediately began to ſneeze very loud. This ſtartled the poor creature as the report of a gun does the trembling deer.

She inſtantly ſprang up, and was about to depart haſtily, but I approached and accoſted her in a tone of ſympathy: "Sweet maiden," ſaid I, "fear not; I am not a hawk that will injure the harmleſs dove." She liſtened with trembling. "Whither, my daughter, ſo late, and alone?" No answer. "What has happened to thee? what afflicts thee thus?" Still no answer, but a deep ſigh.

I took her hand gently. "Take courage, child; confide thy ſorrows to me. I ſee that thou art a poor frightened bird, and wouldſt fain fly, yet canſt find no bough on which to ſupport thyſelf. Come with

me; under my roof shalt thou be safe as in the house of a father."

She started back with horror, opened her rosy mouth, and said with a voice that charmed my ears inexpressibly, so as never female voice charmed them before, "In a father's house!—alas! 'tis from a father's house that I have flown! Hear me, and then judge if an unfortunate creature be worthy of your protection and support."

"My story is precisely such as we daily read in romances, and which weary the readers with their uniformity. But what the ideal world sees only in imagination, in me was realised; the scenes which creative fancy has placed among the ancients in former centuries, have served as plans which the moderns have, by degrees, carried into execution."

Heavens! thought I, where can the maiden have acquired all this eloquence? her tongue is as a book which teacheth wisdom.

"I am," she proceeded, "the daughter of a formerly substantial farmer, a man who, as long as my mother lived, stood high

high in the estimation of the world for his honesty, integrity, and diligence in his business. But my poor mother dying just as I had attained my twelfth year, my father soon after married again, and this second marriage was so extremely fruitful, that in four years he was the father of seven more children.

“ Meantime I grew up in rural innocence, when the lord of the estate returned from his travels. He had resided ten years in France, nine of which had been passed in the Bastile. Whether he were really urged by an unfortunate passion, or that in his Parisian solitude he had planned a romance which he was now determined to realise, I will not pretend to decide; but so it was, that he very soon began to make attempts upon my virtue.”

I thought of the family physiognomy. She continued:—

“ His attempts were not, however, crowned with success. I received his advances with indignation, and in a short time he ceased to importune me. I believed him humbled, and that my

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resistance

resistance had inspired him with so much esteem for me, that he was ashamed of the disgraceful project he had entertained.

“ But shortly after my father was called to a very strict account for his stewardship of the estate. In doing this, the ample property he had acquired only was taken into the reckoning, not the many years he had spent in acquiring it, and he was threatened with being dismissed from his office, deprived of his ill-gotten wealth, as it was called, deprived also of his good name, and reduced to shame and beggary.

“ In this embarrassed situation, he received proposals for a convention from the young lord, of which I, unhappy wretch! was to be the price. His honour and property were to remain alike untouched, provided he would yield me up to the embraces of his persecutor. Alas! the temptation was too powerful; my unnatural father assented to these conditions, and with like coldness of blood, as a judge condemns a thief to the gallows, did he inform me that I was to be made an offering to Baal, and commanded me not to attempt.

tempt resistance, or even to make any shew of reluctance; because, he said, it was but reasonable to part with a tooth, when the anguish of the whole body might so easily be relieved.

“ The horror I manifested at his words, my prayers, my tears—all—all were ineffectual to move him; and he had even the barbarity to tell me, with a coolness which added mockery to insult, that all these were mere sound and grimace. “ Oh unpaternal heart!” I exclaimed, “ formed of Platina *, hard and impenetrable even to fire itself!” I could say no more; a deep and suffocating agony deprived me of utterance, nay almost of my senses. But at the first moment of recollection I packed up a few trifles, resolved to endure any thing rather than submit to such disgrace, and under favour of a bright moon-light night, quitted my fa-

* A very hard kind of metal, found by the Rio di Pinto in Spanish America, and which is indissoluble by fire. It is little known in Europe, its importation being forbidden on account of its being used to adulterate gold.—*Adelung's Dict.*

ther's house as a fugitive, whence I had otherwise never departed but as a bride."

Here the maiden's agony rose to such a height, that she could proceed no farther. "Forbear to weep, my daughter," said I in a tone of compassion, "forbear to weep!" and so saying, I wiped from her eyes two drops so large that they appeared like melted hail-stones. She was not insensible to my kindness, but seemed inspired with confidence, and raising up her hat as if to breathe more freely, shewed me an innocent, angelic physiognomy, such as Eve's in paradise, when taken from the ribs of Adam, she first appeared before him in a yet guiltless world.

I scarcely to this hour can ascertain precisely what were then my feelings. I believe I was at one glance plunged over head and ears in love, as is said of the man who first found the Graces. Indeed this was not surprising, since the twilight of evening beaming through the green arch of the trees, gave a perfect appearance of enchantment to the form and features of the maiden. Such was the
fullness.

fullness of my heart, that I could not help exclaiming with Lavater, "Heavens what a countenance ! fair and lovely as the odour exhaled from the most precious ointment !" Ah ! who could describe the sweet scent of the ointment poured from the head of the angelic maiden, softly trickling even to the hem of her garment ! How broken were now my words ; I was unable to utter a connected sentence. I made a sign to the charming creature to follow me ; and she followed.

As we passed together through the currant hedge, I took so many stolen glances at her, that I began at last to fear they had given rise to disagreeable conjectures in her mind, since a high degree of embarrassment was visible in her countenance. I therefore quickly made a compact with my eyes, that they should not look at the lovely creature any more, except in a physiognomical way ; although my heart expostulated as warmly with my reason against this resolution, as did Balaam's ass against his master's cudgel.

When we entered my house, how did all the people gape and stare, and lay their heads together, and mutter this and that. I immediately ordered Mrs. Gertrude, my housekeeper, to be called, and gave the maiden in charge to her, with strict and solemn injunctions to pay her all possible attention, and let her have whatever she might want.

Her name and place of abode she could not be persuaded to disclose; she only answered my housekeeper, who was extremely inquisitive upon this point, that her Christian name was Sophia. No sooner did the fool hear this, than she asked with an impertinent sneer, whether she were the famous Sophia who perished in her journey from Memel to Saxony *? I immediately began prattling on other subjects in hopes to divert her attention from this folly and impertinence; but I saw notwithstanding, from the expressive look which the poor girl cast upon the bab-

* In allusion to a celebrated German romance, called "*Sophy's journey from Memel to Saxony*."—Transl.

bling Gertrude, that she was not insensible to the mockery.

I now entreated her to give me her history more at large, in which she kindly gratified me. Oh how did I watch every look, how devour every syllable; while every look, every gesture, was to me a more full assurance of the truth of her story, than the deposition of three sworn witnesses.

Before we separated for the night, I took a sketch of her profile, and retired to my closet to examine it. Each feature bespoke a pure, a heavenly mind; the forehead so capable of impression, so void of all obliquity; the nose so demonstrative of a chaste and noble soul; the eyes so languishing in the extatic transports of incorporeal love; and above all, the velvety softness of the ear bore an indescribable expression of sweetness and gentleness. Sensibility and tenderness of heart sat on the upper lip, and about the whole mouth hovered the grace of intellectual loveliness.

“Oh thou heavenly creature! welcome, thrice welcome under my roof!” I exclaimed in transport. “Be it a sacred
asylum

asylum for thy modesty and innocence! Soft and gentle be thy slumbers! May no vain alarms for thy virtue disturb thy repose! It is to thee an immortal Ægis, which will guard thee more securely against the arrows of seduction than the iron lattice secured with bolts and bars. Soft be thy slumbers, till the bright morning sun, to whom alone is permitted the transport of beholding thee extended on thy chaste bed, shall awaken thee again to the enjoyment of a day of happiness only to be purchased by a life spotless as thine!"

With these, and the like enthusiastic reflections, I laid myself down upon my bed, put out my light, and fell instantly into a most composed and happy sleep.

CHAP. VIII.

St. Bonaventura's Day.

A Meditation.

My good neighbour Captain Rambold importuned me so extremely to stand godfather to one of his sons, that I could not refuse him, but was obliged to take upon myself this Christian duty. After the baptism, many jokes and much facetiousness passed among the company, as well as much serious and instructive conversation. The gossips invited on the occasion, including those who were absent, amounted to three and thirty, on which Doctor Baldrian, who is always ready with some piece of banter, observed, that the number was somewhat ominous. For three and thirty, he said, was the half of sixty-six, and sixty-six was the minor number of the Apocalyptical beast, and the full number of the corporation

ation of Berlin critics. Hence he read in the nativity of the new-born infant, that he would hereafter make half as much noise in the world as one, or perhaps as both these things stamped with the number of sixty-six.

The child's father explained the matter otherwise. He said the number thirty-three had always been lucky to him; he was born in the year thirty-three; it was in his three and thirtieth year that he was presented with his company in Holland; and in his three and thirtieth year that he was married. Finally, that the mother of the child being also now in her three and thirtieth year, he had purchased the ticket number thirty-three in the lottery, which had come up a great prize, and he was therefore determined to invite three and thirty gossips at the child's christening.

After the first tumult of conversation had somewhat subsided, and the coffee was brought about, an old aunt drew forth a silk handkerchief, which opening slowly and solemnly, she produced a folded paper, containing, as I supposed,
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the usual christening present for her godson. But no ; it was a formula of blessing of the Gassnerian manufactory, and equally useful both to children and grown persons as a charm, to protect the former from the rickets, the latter from sterility ; a complaint against which neither the captain nor Mrs. Rambold appeared to want any charm. This she presented in great form to her god-child, observing at the same time that people now-a-days affected very much to despise such things, but for her part she was a friend to them, since if they were of no benefit, at least they could do no harm. Yet at last the good aunt would freely have given a dozen of formulæ to be able to recal what she had done ; for the monster Baldrian, drawing up his Hippocratican nose into an inveterate sneer, immediately fell upon her like a wild cat, declared she was guilty of an encroachment upon his province, and seizing the formula as contraband ware, crumpled it together with both his hands. Nay he even threatened the old lady with a process in the ecclesiastical court, and would

would doubtless have carried his menaces into execution but for the interposition of the master of the house.

The ecclesiastics present, meanwhile, had collected themselves into a distinct circle, and entertained each other with much edifying and instructive conversation; condoling together equally upon the black maggot which had so much injured the corn, and the lamentable progress made by heterodoxy. The anti-symbolists were severely chastised, and the ceremony of the day gave ample opportunity for descanting on the new doctrine of baptism. The reverend synod were extremely indignant with a great doctor in divinity, who professed, in some of his writings, to consider baptism as nothing more than an engagement on the part of the parents to educate their children in the precepts of Christianity. Indeed they went near to pronounce an ecclesiastical sentence of death upon him in which I should heartily have voted *ad ignem*. On this doctrine another great work has also been lately written, full of the grossest errors, but it
has

has not done much mischief, since nobody has yet been at the trouble of reading it.

Master Dunkler, who is no friend to this piece-meal work, and who, by the way, is the very same parson with whom Wieland had once so long a conversation, when the divine ran the poet so hard, as is fully and amply related in the German Mercury, observed that he thought our particular church was extremely happy, since amid the perpetual ebb and flow of theological doctrines and opinions these all devouring waves never reached us till they had spent their force upon the sandy shore, and lost the power of swallowing and ingulphing. Therefore if the deceased Luther of blessed memory, could rise again and hold a visitation of the church, we should fare much better with him than the energetic and enquiring theologians, or the whole tribe of theological mechanics, fashion makers, shavers, and curlers, who adjust their modes of faith *ad genium seculi*, and prune them, trim them, powder and curl them, according to their own fancies, till their lovely simplicity is lost, and they look like

like a poor abandoned female, dressed up for a festal day. Better too than all the exegetical worms and insects who fall upon the holy scriptures, and with their snouts extract from them all the pure milk, which, from the inward structure of their maws, and the nature of their digestion, turns to a sort of chyle, adapted only to the nourishment of their own carcases: a chyle bearing no resemblance to honey, which sweetens our food and renders it palatable, but one that is, and will always remain, no better than dregs and excrement.

All this Master Dunkler said after his fashion, but I have translated it into mine, and noted it down in my journal, because it gave occasion to a very fine train of reflection in my mind.

I am only a simple layman, but nevertheless I cannot endure that any one should impute error to the mode of faith I have followed from my very earliest youth. The pernicious thirst of novelty which pervades the present times, has however so warmly attacked even our theologians, that since the symbolical bit and bridle were stripped.

stripped over their ears, they have left the beaten path, and now gallop about the field, one this way, another that, with such strange twistings and turnings, that a man is soon weary with running after them, and glad to quit the chace, and seek repose upon some verdant bank.

I am not of opinion that faith, like law, should be permitted to wear a waxen nose which a man may mould this way or that at his pleasure. If it be left at the option of individuals to turn and screw our system of belief according to the whim of the moment, the whole machine must soon be destroyed. The adherents of these reforms, as they call them, are like a man who once possessed an excellent instrument made by a very capital master, which he put into the hands of some bungler to improve, who turned and twisted the pegs and strings first to the right, then to the left, till it was deprived of all power of producing harmony, and could only be restored by the hands of its original constructor.

It was to obviate these inconveniences that our forefathers compiled the symbolical books, which comprehended all that appeared to them true and important in our religious faith. They wisely considered that those who professed these doctrines, and such alone they thought worthy to be admitted within the pale of the church, could have no objection to binding themselves by oath, or in any other way that should seem good in their eyes, to make them their sole guide in their instructions to their flocks. But in our days there has been much outcry and disputation on this subject as being a matter of conscience. Excuse me there: it is neither more nor less than a civil contract made by the members of a party for the erection of their institution. If all are agreed in making this contract, 'tis well! Does any one wish to separate himself again, 'tis well also; he receives his passport and departs in peace. But as to altering and improving the articles of the institution, no one must dare to undertake that arbitrarily, and of his own head, even though he should find them

them defective in a thousand instances. Where does a faultless human work exist? In all codes of laws that ever were framed, from that of the wise Lycurgus, to the new Russian code; amid much good, much imperfection has been also interwoven. Notwithstanding this, they have passed current in their respective kingdoms, and entwined all the parts and members into a firm and indissoluble whole; preserved all the wheels of the state machine in a regular and equable motion, so as to keep them in good order for a long time, like a watch, which goes so much the better the less the wheels and works are disturbed. But now in doctrinal points every one is for altering the hand.

How this comes about is no mystery to me. The more I reflect upon the matter the more clearly I am convinced that our faith-tinkers propose to themselves by this means the obtaining of a two-fold end.

In the first place, though the vocation of these same tinkers be purely spiritual, they are yet men, and consequently have human passions. What wonder then that they

they should frequently, like us laymen, be inspired with an irresistible impulse to aim at emerging from obscurity, and feel an ardent ambition to become great lights in the clerical heavens. Now should no one step aside out of the common path, none would appear particularly conspicuous to the eyes of gazers; all would shine in one common mass like the stars in the milky way, not sparkle with the distinguished splendour of the brilliant Sirius. Thence arise the races we are daily witnessing after boldness, novelty, and singularity of opinion, which keep so many lungs, so many fingers, and so many printing presses in perpetual motion: thence, also, the painting, the carving, the gilding, that adorn so many churches, each striving to outshine the other, by which means all places devoted to religion acquire a wholly new exterior, like the chapel of Loretto. Yet would these innovators do well to reflect how much this sacred edifice has lost intrinsically by such an accession of outward splendour. How much more had it excited the pure devotion of the pious pilgrim,

pilgrim, left in the simple form in which it was transported so many miles by the holy angel, than decked in its present costly trappings, when instead of being worshipped with the eyes of faith alone, it excites emotions and wishes in the bosom which are any thing else rather than religious.

The second cause of all this clamour is, that the dignitaries of the church concern themselves about nothing but lolling at ease in their great chairs, eating, drinking, and sleeping, nor ever think of mounting a hobby-horse, which by setting a good example to the inferior clergy, would prove of real advantage to the church. It was a wise institution of former days, that the Grand Sultan should always be compelled to learn some trade or exercise for the employment of his leisure hours, that he might have something to occupy his mind besides the business of his station, and might not have recourse to strangling his Bashaws for amusement. One therefore was a turner, another an archer, another a huntsman. But this good custom is I fear fallen into disuse, since the present

potentate has in the course of his reign dispatched such a number of Viziers and Mustis into exile, and planted the heads of so many Schicks and Hospodars on the walls of his Seraglio.

Never was a theological lithologist, muscle-collector, butterfly-hunter, bee-master, or botanizer, known to be infected with heterodoxy, or to be seized with the reformation mania. But who can say what might not have been done by the deceased Provost Sueßmilch, or by the reverend Mr. Schäfer, Mr. Eifen, Mr. Hahn, Mr. Fulda, Mr. Bergmann, and many others I could name, who, to judge by the velocity of their pens, would have made terrible havoc with matters of faith had they once begun to attack them, if each had not happily found a hobby-horse on which they performed their evolutions so entirely to their own satisfaction, and to the approbation of all spectators, that they had scarcely leisure to consider whether the church had any faith or doctrines at all.

One

One of these, not having the fear of the angel at the threshing floor of Araunah before his eyes, employed himself with unwearied assiduity in making a Census of the people. The second, what a wonderful investigator of the properties of plants and insects!—how indefatigable in writing! how inexhaustible in inventing! What a rich assemblage of materials did he not collect for making paper! What variety of plants and insects did he not grind together for that purpose!—nay such was his spirit of enterprize, that I doubt not, had the whole creation been in his power it would all have gone into his paper-mill *. Between him and his brother in invention, the third upon this list, what havoc has not been made among the animal and vegetable kingdoms, for the latter has been no less assiduous in extracting savoury quintessences from plants and animals, than the former in converting them into paper. Many a little box has he done himself the

* This was written about the time when a variety of plans were set on foot in Germany for making paper, particularly from aquatic plants.—*Transl.*

honour of sending into many a palace, to flavour the soups and sauces at many a royal table, and many a compliment has he consequently received from many a crowned head. The fourth is like Tubal-Cain, complete master of the art of working metals. The fifth digs in the waste of obsolete records for the roots of the German language, and understands the art of dressing them palatably. And the sixth writes the history of his native province, to give himself an opportunity of presenting the public with an elegant engraving of his parsonage house. All these pursuits are carried on without the least injury to their respective employments, like that of the apostle who wove carpets.

Would that all our divines might take example from these their brethren! That no one would sit down to his desk to invent a new opinion till he had in the course of the year reeled off a certain number of pounds of silk the produce of his own worms; or made a dozen or two of burning glasses and solar microscopes; or worked up some quintals of mahogany;
or,

or, should his mind be turned to speculation, till he had made himself complete master of physiognomy, to the end that this most useful, salutary, and soul-reviving science, might the sooner throw off its children's shoes, and be reduced to the same certainty as chemistry. Were but such occupations ardently followed, we should no longer see the daughters of Sion so laden with fashionable tinsel and ornament, that their true form is hardly to be discerned.

For indeed when I compare the physiognomy of our church's faith, at the present time, with that of two centuries back, I find less resemblance between them than between Captain Rambold and his newborn son, in whose fundamental physiognomy, after much investigation, I was so happy as to discover a resemblance that gave me more satisfaction than if I had seen the satellites of Venus in the sun.

In truth I had intended, that this resemblance should be the subject of my this day's physiognomical meditation; but the theological matter thrust itself in, and prevented my making the proper ob-

servations for establishing the likeness between the young and the old profile, till the child had so distorted its contour with a terrible squall, that it rather resembled that of a sea-cat, than of a Dutch captain.

Now as I am extremely desirous of knowing whether the fundamental physiognomy remains after death, and as my god-son is a weakly child, I have requested, in case it should please God to take him to himself, that I may have immediate information of the event. Then would I hasten to my neighbour's, and instruct myself also upon this point, to the end that my physiognomical creed may be the result of conviction from my own experience, and not implicit faith; according to the old saw, "What the eye sees, the heart believes."

CHAP. IX.

St. Mary Magdalene's Day.

Upon the Animal Stupidity, and propensity to Butting and Clawing, of the Human Species.

WHEN any thing vexes a man, the whole creation around him assumes a new aspect ; every thing appears gloomy and distorted, nothing is right, nothing pleasant. On the contrary when a man is happy, his attention is fixed only upon things homogeneous to his situation, he overlooks all disagreeable objects, and contemplates nothing but what excites pleasing ideas. This theory I have laid down from my own experience, and find that when applied to physiognomy, it is of equal weight with any upon which its inventor has ever so loudly trumpeted the *eugenæ* about the streets.

And now 'tis as clear to me as noon-day why so many people, the Gottingen critics among others, often pronounce so different a judgment upon the characters of the countenances in the Fragments from Lavater himself. The gentlemen's tempers are not attuned precisely to the same key as the author's, and thus the point of view in which the countenance is contemplated is imperceptibly varied. For as according to P. Hell's position, every man sees his own rainbow and his own north-light, so every physiognomist sees his appropriate contour, which varies according to the disposition of mind in which it is viewed.

This also explains to me another problem of the benevolent Lavater's, which before appeared wholly inexplicable. He says somewhere in the Fragments, "It generally happens, at least three times in the year, that certain countenances fall in my way, from which I cannot avoid involuntarily turning aside, and if I be in a room with them, I am forced to quit it and go out into the fresh air. And why are they

they so insufferable to my eyes? The answer is simple, because the features are so manifestly heterogeneous to my own."

But this answer I consider as of no account. If among so many hundred, or perhaps thousand faces as the physiognomist sees in a year, only three or four are so heterogeneous to him, that his own and theirs cannot co-exist, then must heterogeneity be a very rare commodity, instead of one constantly to be found in all our streets and markets. And indeed supposing the countenance ever so heterogeneous, how could that be ascertained by any physiognomist without analysing it? 'Tis not with the features of the face as with the smell of the castor, which the moment it comes within reach of a nose of great sensibility, makes so strong an impression upon the whole frame of the person as to occasion giddiness, sneezing, and nausea.

I should therefore explain the matter thus. It is not the heterogeneity of the countenance, but the good man's own humour that makes him turn away from

it so hastily. Something perhaps had vexed and teased him which had unharmonized his soul, as has happened to me for two days past, consequently he could see nothing but dissonance in the features, and his eye was quick at marking every blemish which in a better humour he had overlooked; he was, in short, exactly in that disposition of mind, when the fancy plays her legerdemain tricks with us, and transforms a gnat into a rhinoceros. Under such circumstances 'tis no wonder that he has been obliged to withdraw and breathe the fresh air.

I have myself experienced what influence the want of harmony in the soul has upon the physiognomical judgment. Since I have been so much disconcerted in my temper, I have considered the countenances of almost all my friends and acquaintance in this neighbourhood, in a very different point of view from what I had done before; yet the very same features, the very same lines remain that I have analysed a hundred times both singly and collectively, and have adjusted and arranged according
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to the strictest and most established rules of physiognomy. When the weather in my upper regions is cloudy, I could easily make as many variations in my physiognomical codex as Dr. Kennicott in his Hebrew, and it might remain a question to the remotest posterity which of our collations was of most use to the world.

Over the writing-table in my closet are twenty-four profiles of my neighbours of both sexes, in which my spleen has discovered an air of dullness, distortion, contraction, and confusion, that I never perceived before. Hence fancy involuntarily paints so much resemblance to animals in all their contours, that I cannot forbear perceiving in one the butting forehead of the bull or the ram, in another the dullness of the sheep, in a third the nibbling mouth of the hare, in a fourth the suspicious watchfulness of the stag, here the craft of the fox, there the treachery of the cat, here the fierceness of the wolf, there the indolence of the sloth. These variations I shall note down, to see whether after some time the profiles will appear to

me the same as at present ; or whether, with the returning serenity of my temper, their original sweetness, openness, honesty, and candour, will not also return.

Number three. A female silhouette entered in my physiognomical manual, as having a nose that inspired me with the highest esteem and respect, but on which I now see superlative scorn instead of calm prudence and discretion.

Number four. A countenance full of energy and animation, full of wit, humour, and sensibility. Now, the contour of an ape full of ridiculous grimace ; the man seems fit for nothing but to take a curved spring through a hoop.

Number seven. Piety and domestic virtue, good nature, a spirit of order and economy in the female department, silent activity without words or bustle ; in the chin the purest feminine *Bonhomie*. Thus the manual. The present appearance, however, is of an arrant shrew, with a perpetual ebb and flow of passion, which annihilates all domestic peace and comfort ; and in the chin appears incessant talkativeness,

ness, particularly when the subject turns upon traducing her neighbours.

Number twelve. A manly spirited face. In the space between the forehead and nose, I read sound understanding, and in the lips ardent friendship and inflexible integrity. Now, it appears the countenance of a stupid awkward country bumpkin, full of stubbornness and insolence; in short a creature wrapped in a coat of mail like the rhinoceros-beetle on which 'tis impossible to make any impression.

Number seventeen. A lovely young creature full of *naïveté* and good humour; the forehead completely feminine, tenderness and affection in the nose. Now, a meretricious coquette concealed under the mask of childish innocence, and while looking as if she would not injure a fly, in fact turning this way and that to see whom she can devour.

But I am weary of transcribing these variations, and here are sufficient to ascertain whether the weeds that ill-humour has sown among my physiognomical wheat, will gain a firm footing in the soil, or
whether

whether the corn will not at length get the better, and choak the thorns and thistles ere they acquire strength and stamina. No wonder, however, that when the quiet unvarying shades offend me so much, the originals with their noses drawn up into a sneer should be tenfold more offensive. In fact I cannot now enter a circle of my acquaintance without finding myself three times in a minute, in the same predicament, that Lavater scarcely experienced three times in a year. I am so crossed by disagreeable, heterogeneous countenances, as to be perpetually compelled to have recourse to his specific, and revive my spirits with breathing the fresh air.

But indeed this is the fault of my neighbours themselves, who have completely exhausted my patience, more particularly the originals of the profiles above enumerated. There has been such a wonderment and hubbub raised in the parish about my Sophy, as if she were some strange animal, a Syren at least, half fish, half woman, that I cannot stir without being incessantly pestered

tered upon the subject. My house is never free from visitors. Not a public house within twenty miles, how excellent soever the fare promised by the host, has half the influx of company that my humble roof has had, since the arrival of my new inmate. Sophy is constantly the second topic discussed in all companies, for the weather still holds the first place; and as soon as she enters the room, nothing is to be seen but significant nods, and winks, and whispers, particularly among the women. They all fall upon the lovely girl, as it fares with a luckless pullet who may happen to stray from her own yard, and visit that of her neighbours, when every creature that wears a bill, cock and hen, duck and drake, draw up in array against her, nay even the great red-nosed turkey-cock, setting up his tail, flies at her and gives her a peck that she remembers for the rest of her life.

The poor thing meantime appears so modest, and shews such an amiable embarrassment, as renders her doubly interesting. Her sweet languishing blue eyes

eyes are fixed on the ground unable to endure the penetrating falcon glances of these unhallowed gazers. Her cheeks are tinted with a delicate blush, at the importunences by which she is assailed, and in which austere virtue always gives itself unbounded latitude, when it sees in the countenance any thing that fancy represents as the expression of a Lais,—a blush which indignation encreases by degrees to a glow that requires a gentle tear to cool it, while the tear falling as on burning iron, appears to evaporate ere it can reach her swelling bosom.

At first this inquisitiveness with regard to Sophy gave me no concern, for I considered it as idle female curiosity, and nothing more. I gave the amiable creature decent clothes that she might be fit to appear in company, and always made her sit at my table, when she served me so gracefully with her little elegant hand, that my eyes required a plate much more than my stomach; for her hand is indeed not less exquisite in beauty and proportion than any to be found in the Fragments. But this
guile-

guileless benevolence was soon cruelly misinterpreted: envy and ill-will skulked behind her chair in the parlour, lurked among the hedges and bushes as we walked together, trotted behind the carriage when we took a ride, squinted out of every window as we went to church, and commented in their diabolic manner upon all my looks and actions with regard to Sophy, as if she had been a Dalilah come to shave my head.

This hateful suspicion was soon so deeply rooted in people's minds, that pure truth had no power against it. A hundred times did Sophy repeat her story, and always with a candour and sincerity in her manner, a freedom and openness in her countenance, that bespoke a pure and un sullied conscience. Oh Sophy! Sophy! if thy countenance be deceitful, physiognomy is indeed merely ideal! When lately we held a meeting of our physiognomical club, I produced my Sophy's profile, together with my interpretation of it, and as this was pronounced by the gentlemen to be incontrovertibly right, I ventured to present
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the original. Oh what emotions did the sight of her raise in their bosoms! How did they examine every feature, in which they read so much goodness, so much sweetness, such a noble soul, that it seemed as if they could never be tired with gazing, till at length to spare my lovely creature's modesty, I was obliged to wish them good night and retire with her.

All these arguments, however, are considered as worth exactly nothing by a parcel of unphysiognomical heads, who negligently put together by mother Nature, have no penetration in their eyes, but have so much the more dullness and animal propensity to butting in their foreheads.

There comes, first one, then another, of my neighbours, whispering confidentially some old saw in my ears, such as "*look before you leap,*" or, "*all is not gold that glitters,*" or, "*an ounce of prudence is worth a pound of silver,*" and the like;—looking at the same time so very wise, mysterious, and significant, that one would suppose they were communicating a snug piece of high treason at least.

Others

Others say it is not for nothing that she conceals her name and place of abode so cautiously, and that I may depend upon it, some day when I am least on my guard, she will take a French leave, but not go away empty-handed. In answer to all this I appeal to her contour, but that is an appeal they will not allow.

Scarcely had I got rid of one of these troublesome fellows, the other day, when a sage lady seized me by the arm, and drawing me aside, first overwhelmed me with assurances of friendship, and then in the most shameless manner poured out such a torrent of female follies and pruderies upon the subject of concubinage, that I could not without difficulty restrain myself from vomiting them back again into her face. The wits of both sexes take another method; they come in troops like fish to a bait, and snap, and catch, and peer, after a look, a word, an innocent pressure of the hand, which they turn and twist, and crack their jokes upon, at their pleasure. They resemble the Ichneumon-fly, are artful, insincere, unwearied in the pursuit

pursuit of rapine and plunder, and sting like bees when they begin to swarm. What was to be done? I borrowed a bee-cap of a celebrated master, which at present every one who would not be tormented with these troublesome insects must wear over his face, and wrapping myself in this coat of mail, resolved to let them babble on, and not concern myself about what they said. But this is a kind of armour within which a man cannot long shelter himself. He will soon find the helmet overheat his forehead.

Two things in a short time dispersed all my resolutions. The first was a sermon preached by our rector upon the text, "*Abstain from all appearance of evil.*" I would gladly think for the sake of human nature, that the netting of the hares was not at the bottom of this, but I must say however, that though all the good parson brought forward was very smooth and plausible, yet it was not difficult to discover the cloven foot beneath. The sermon was in truth a church anathema against the whole science of physiognomy; and your church anathe-
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mas have much more weight here in the country, than in Berlin, or any other large town, where people regard so little what comes from the pulpit, that 'tis really scarcely worth a parson's while to rack his brains for their instruction.

In consequence of this, some days after the bailiff's clerk, Wolkmar, a devourer of all good and wholesome admonition, began to banter my Philip upon the subject of Sophy. The parson's daughter lately at a visit so beset the poor girl to reveal her name and late place of abode, that not knowing how to resist her, she at length, to be released from importunity, invented an innocent and almost unavoidable lie, and said she was Philip's cousin. Here was a new subject for sneers and sarcasms among the neighbourhood, and Philip's cousin soon became a by-word and prime jest in all companies. Mr. Wolkmar among others was pleased to amuse himself in this way, and observed to Philip, that he had the same office as the god Mercury, and in truth he seemed
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to pimp as successfully for his master, as the other had done for the sultan of Olympus. Philip set up his crest at this affront, and seizing the witling by the collar, pipped him instantaneously so hearty a blow with his fist, that he fairly robbed the dentist of a job, and released the clerk from all farther apprehension of the tooth-ache, in several of his lower masticators.

This affair soon created the devil of an uproar in the parish, and brought so much ill-will to me and my poor Philip, that the finishing stroke has been put to my philanthropy, and I now go snarling about the house, so that my domestics are obliged to get out of my way as fast as possible. Every fly I see upon the wall irritates me. I foam like a bottle of Champagne when the air is let into it, and the most trifling circumstance in the world can draw the cork. Dare any one come near me with a word, or even a look, that I think is meant as a sneer at Sophy, be he who he will, master or servant,

fervant, so far should I be from dealing mildly with him, as David did with the boy Absalom, that he would rather be likely to fare like Frederick Eckardt, in the hands of Tobias Gebhardt of Bamberg.

CHAP. X.

St. James's Day.

More Correspondence.

Soon shall I be driven quite mad! I have just received a letter from my friend Sportler at Geroldsheim in Franconia, which has involved me in the deepest perplexity. One of us must be a mere fool in the science; which that may be, will appear in due time. I will meanwhile enter the letter, together with my proceedings upon, and answer to it, in my journal. The letter runs thus:

"You are my man. I cannot but highly approve of your putting my physiognomical penetration to the proof before you would shake hands with me, as a brother in the science. If, according to
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the Lavaterian doctrine, of the truth of which no under-graduate in the study must venture to doubt, among ten thousand persons who are disposed to cultivate the science, scarcely one really good physiognomist can be selected; as from amidst a large heap of sand, perhaps only one grain of gold may be washed out; it must follow that this science cannot want smatterers and bunglers, like that of alchymy, in which certainly there are at least an equal number of the latter description to one adept, if indeed such a phoenix as an adept ever had existence. It is the part of prudence alike to keep the dauber and the scoffer at a distance, that we may not be deceived by the one, nor derided by the other. Had I not been pretty deep in the science, or had I attended more to the words of your letter than to the mouth, the chin, the nose, of the profile you sent me, I had perhaps been deceived by it, and deserved only to be numbered among the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine idiots, unworthy to be admit-

ted into the physiognomical *sanctum sanctorum*.

“ But how deeply soever you had laid your plan to deceive me, I have been too sharp for you ; and notwithstanding the insinuations in your letter, that the inclosed profile was your own, I recognized it immediately as my stray sheep Dietrich Flappert’s, without being for a moment misled by the frizzed fore-top, the bag, and the laced cravat. Indeed I could not have been deceived in the true expression of rascality from the very top of the forehead to the extremest point of the chin, even though you had dressed it in a reverend perriwig and a gown and cassock. The question therefore, whether, in the arching of this forehead, the rising of this nose, and the horizontality of this mouth, I find any thing worthy of my friendship, answers itself. I however repeat the question to you with regard to the two profiles here inclosed. It were impertinent in me, since you stand upon as high a step in the physiognomical ladder as myself, were I to attempt making the
same

same experiment upon you, I shall therefore freely confess that both profiles belong to the same person, and only observe that the black one is a more speaking likeness than that in crayons. Both I hope will be judged by you with equal candour as the original.

“I have eagerly expected the physiognomical notice with respect to your suspicious horse and worm-doctor, but still in vain. Neither have I yet received any communication from your magistracy in a legal way, which is a proof to me that in all places the sacred person of Justice moves on with a like solemn tortoise motion.”

Thus much for the letter. In the first ebullitions of my anger, I had a great mind to have lathered both the bungler's faces well, and sent them back to him with their white beards; or, if I had reason to think he was bantering me, he should by no means the more have passed unpunished. But when I came to examine his face, I found in it nothing of obliquity, roguery,

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insolence,

insolence, or mockery; not a line in common with the profile of Nick Fool. Much rather did I appear to be contemplating the features of a man of worth and honour, an upright, conscientious, though perhaps somewhat strict magistrate, whom frequent experience had rendered suspicious, since honest people are often deceived. At the same time it occurred to me that the good Sportler's physiognomical study, had not been so much universal, as confined to one particular class, namely to the observation of those lines and features that distinguish the worthless part of the human species, since he was chiefly concerned with the countenances of thieves and malefactors. His imagination therefore always working upon these, might easily find a resemblance, which perhaps had no real existence, between my profile, and one that it appears had made a particularly strong impression upon him, especially when he had once conceived the idea that I was endeavouring to put his physiognomical discernment to the test.

These

These reflections somewhat cooled the indignation that at first glowed so furiously in my bosom. Yet when my own theory crossed my mind, that a true physiognomist can only in the main see things as they really are, though occasionally his judgment may be perverted by the inharmonious state of his mind, I could scarcely doubt but that lines of knavery yet unperceived by myself, must lurk somewhere in my countenance; an idea which oppressed my heart as grievously as a new shoe does a corn. Let us examine farther said I to myself thisameleon face of thine, which wears so many different forms that there seems no security against the features of a Knipperdollings, a Storzenbecher*, or some other the like devil's mask being at length discovered in it. Dr. Baldrian lately descried a certain local physiognomy that I have in common with

* Knipperdollings was a furious and sanguinary fanatic,—Storzenbecher a famous pirate. Both of them are described by Lavater as having countenances harsh, ferocious, energetic, and unsusceptible of all kind affections.—*Transl.*

my peasants; this I confess did not please me at first, but since I afterwards found legitimate reasons why it might be so, I acquiesced; but to liken me to the face of a malefactor—that indeed is beyond a joke.

I therefore seated myself before the glass, placed on one side of me a bust in plaister, and on the other my portrait, from which I had an engraving made by Schleuen at Berlin, intending it as a contribution to the Fragments, but which he made so extremely clownish and vulgar, that I never sent it. The artist is therefore perfectly welcome to have it back again, and it will serve for any virtuoso, or indeed celebrated man of any description or profession, with whose face Messrs. the publishers of the Monthly Journals and Magazines, may wish to embellish any future number. I collected likewise all the shades that had ever been taken of me, from the gigantic head upon imperial folio paper, to the very smallest reduction of it designed for a ring, and
which

which indeed deserves a Fragment to itself in the physiognomical repository.

All these I arranged about me in due order, but alas ! the glass on this occasion flattered me as little as Schleuen's engraving knife. Yet though I was not so well satisfied with my face as upon some former investigations, I could not by any means discover a single feature that would authorise the issuing a criminal process against me, or even the smallest resemblance to the suspicious worm and horse-doctor, except that both countenances belong to the class of the energetic. It may be however, that there is some fatal line in my physiognomy which denotes pensiveness, or melancholy, and this approaches so near to the line of criminality, that the one may possibly be mistaken for the other. I cannot say indeed the stamp of rascality appears to me so plainly stamped on Flappert's physiognomy as Sportler thinks ; but it may be that the original expresses more than the sketch. For if, according to Lavater, every human countenance is an inexhaustible ocean, it

follows that a filhouette cannot be more than a cistern or little puddle, on which 'tis impossible for a man of war to manœuvre as in the open sea. Be this as it may; a strong proof of my being in the right is, that in my present temper of mind, when all is untuned within me, and every nerve is peculiarly irritable, I cannot see all that he saw. I am therefore firmly of opinion, that the soul of the physiognomist may, like every other human soul, sometimes err in its three operations, however the science considered in itself be infallible like the Holy Father of the Catholic Church.

After pondering well upon the whole matter, I at length judged it proper to bury Sportler's unintentional offence in oblivion, and only to set him right in a gentle and moderate answer. I sent to the magistrate immediately to know how far he had proceeded in the affair of the horse and worm-doctor, when I learned that the former had been absent ever since the latter's examination. Sportler therefore was perfectly right in supposing that no great progress had been made in the
judicial

judicial proceedings. From the justice's memorial it should appear that his hardness of hearing had led him into many chimerical ideas, which evidently arose from misunderstanding, and had no relation to the matter in question.

The Justice's Memorial.

" As in duty bound have at your request, right worshipful brother in office, enquired into matter of suspicious worm and horse-doctor, and send as follows. After an examination to which proceeded with all possible dispatch, very little presumption arises that said worm and horse-doctor should be same person as described in notice received, since on deposition of sundry and divers respectable witnesses doth clearly appear that said worm and horse-doctor did carry on said trades creditably and respectably at said town of Ellwang, at very time said malefactor was confined in said prison at Geroldshheim. 'Tis probable therefore, right worshipful brother, that information received by you respect-

ing said worm and horse-doctor did proceed from an old grudge, seeing that said worm and horse-doctor hath at sundry and divers times called himself by name of Meffert in answer to certain and various inquisitive persons; which name 'tis well known is assumed, and in certain provinces is in common use as answer to impertinent enquiries, when party enquired of chooses to keep true name concealed. When I was student at Erfurth, then celebrated Riedel brought said name out of obscurity into use again, as choice morsel for his satire, whence said name became current 'mongst wits and geni-uses, and if said name has not also become current every where, said name is the rather to be held as ennobled. 'Twill therefore be necessary upon future examination, fully to investigate said point, and rest assured, right worshipful brother, that will not fail in proper time to send due information of farther proceedings in this matter. Being, &c. &c. &c." With

With this I dispatched the following answer to Mr. Justice Sportler.

“ It is no joke, I perceive, to physiognomise with you, any more than to play at ball with Klopstock. He gives such desperate strokes, without respect to persons, say his biographers, that a man is black and blue before he can be aware of it ; luckily however every stroke does not hit. Just so it is, friend, with my silhouette ; you have aimed a good stroke, and therefore consider yourself as certain of hitting, but you have gone aside by a hair’s breadth, and the ball has passed me. An error of a hair’s breadth only, you know, makes all possible difference in physiognomy, and I can prove geometrically that your physiognomical penetration has in this instance failed.

“ Take my profile, and that of your malefactor, and let them be reduced to the same size ; round off the back of each head as you will, omitting any kind of

ornament, and then place the one over the other. If the forms of each appear to correspond as exactly as those of two equal triangles, I give up the matter, and will confess that mother nature has by mistake moulded my head into an improper form, as may happen now and then in every century. You know it was even so with Socrates. But however, that will not be found to be the case, since the experiment has already been made, and every feature, every line, of the one is either more prominent, or more recurvent than the correspondent feature and line in the other. They may indeed both belong to the same principal class, and thence at the first hasty glance, a degree of resemblance may appear so as to mislead the hasty observer. 'Tis not long since the good physiognomists of Paris led the bankers into a little mistake by assuring them that a parcel of Nurenberg counters were new Louis d'ors of the last coinage; notwithstanding which, no soul alive has called in question their knowledge in their profession, any more than ours will be

questioned for so trifling an error as the present. One of the fathers of the church says, that to err is human, but to adhere to error is diabolical. I therefore live in hope that your error is only human, and that when you shall carefully re-examine my profile, you will form a different opinion of it.

“ I am afraid you will hardly find your run-away in Meffner, the bagnio-keeper, since 'tis proved beyond dispute, that at the very time your fox was safe in the trap, our Doctor was wandering at large all over Swabia, curing many persons of worms, who were supposed by Father Gassner to be possessed. It follows consequently that he cannot be your Dietrich Flappert, else he must rather be a conjurer than a worm-doctor, since he must have been at Geroldsheim and in Swabia at the same moment. Yet no!—For since the Swabians, according to the report of their magazines, have discovered that there may be a possible medium between simple and compound, perhaps it may also be possible to discover a medium between
present

present and absent, and thus it may at last appear that our worm-doctor, notwithstanding the wonderful cures he was then performing in his own person in Swabia, might also be your prisoner at Geroldshheim.

“ But as the most convincing proof you can have that our Meffner, and your Flappert, are not one and the same person, I have inclosed the former’s profile, which you will see is wholly different from the latter’s. I had no small difficulty to get the fellow to let it be taken, since the neighbours all persuaded him that I certainly should make it out to be a Moorish king’s, if not a devil’s, physiognomy.

“ I thank you sincerely for your two sketches; I shall not make any observations upon them, since my letter will explain sufficiently that I think the nose of a form deserving to inhale the odour of my sentiments.”

CHAP. XI.

*St. Donati's Day.**Upon the present Standard of Money and Literature.*

IF the weather continue thus fine, and the hay and fruit harvest go on thus rapidly, I shall probably set out on my journey a fortnight sooner than I once intended. My Sophy had almost made me give up all thoughts of travelling, but the Otter race of neighbours by which I am surrounded, which, like the blind-worm from amid a heap of withered leaves, pursue me wherever I go, wounding me with their serpent's tongues, though I never knowingly stamped upon the tail of any one, make every thing here at home so irksome, that *nolens volens* go I must, to breathe a more genial air, and to purify myself from the noxious vapours I

now

now inhale. The only thing that perplexes me is how to dispose of my adopted daughter.

For the purpose of considering this matter over fully and at leisure, I took a walk into the fields with my Philip, and seating myself under a wild pear-tree, I was just about entering into my consultation, when raising my eyes I beheld a person at a distance, who seemed advancing towards us with hasty steps.

“ Who is that man in the black coat ?” said I to Philip, “ he seems making up to us ; see what strides he takes. Methinks I behold Sebalduß Nothanker with his Apocalyptical commentary under his arm.”

“ Or,” said Philip, “ Doctor Dodd, as he appears in the print coming before the bar of justice.”

As the stranger approached, however, I found that he was neither Sebalduß nor Doctor Dodd, but my former tutor Master Grätius, now principal of the free-school at Dunselting, who for old acquaintance sake often comes and spends a day or two with me during harvest, when

when he has always appeared cheerful and happy. This time alone I perceived by his physiognomy that the shoe pinched somewhere. I enquired about the matter, and learned that the magistrates of Dunselting were infected with the new education mania, which was likely to affect the old establishment of the school so much, that Master Gratus began already to expect his dismissal. Such a thing had indeed been hinted at, but he was discreet, and pretended not to notice it. He was called an invalid, and apprehensions were expressed that he could not long attend to the duties of his office, but that he must be obliged to retire with a pension; yet the man is as hale and hearty as any body in the whole town, can walk his fifteen miles a day without the least fatigue, and retains all his faculties as perfectly as I do, with a stomach that could digest iron like that of an ostrich. He drew a printed advertisement from his pocket, in which the philanthropic reformers boasted much of what was to be done with the new system, and how it
was

was to purge away all the old school leaven. This he read to me, animadverting at the same time with much humour and poignancy upon the wisdom, philanthropy, and liberality of the magistrates, and aiming some neat strokes at those old teachers who were infected with this new doctrine. Some of these I felt more deeply than he intended, since I am myself a little bit of a philanthropizer, though I would not own it to my old master for fear of adding to his distresses. I must confess, however, that I cannot approve the violent cackling the gentlemen make with every philanthropic egg that is laid; still less do I approve of their laying their eggs in other birds' nests; were any hen to attempt this in my yard, she should be consigned to the pot without mercy.

This conversation once begun between my guest and myself, one subject led to another, till after passing over a variety of rich and copious materials, we at length stumbled upon an examination of the present standard both of money and literature in Germany. Into this we entered so deeply

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ly that Luna's golden crescent had risen high over the fir-grove before we left our turfy seats under the wild pear-tree. But our conversation had impressed me so deeply, and seemed to me so interesting, that when Master Gratus was retired to rest, I repaired to my closet, and collected together the following fragments from memory, which I hastily sketched upon paper to preserve for my future use.

MASTER GRATIUS.

— Whence it is clear, that since the year sixty-three, the standard of money has been much better supported than the standard of literature. To continue the simile with which you seem so much pleased, one may call the present period of literature, the age of clippers and sweaters, which destructive trade too great a part of the literary republic carry on unpunished. Works of pure and solid ore, rich in genuine learning, come as rarely to the press now-a-days, as during the last war did pure silver come under the stamp. And why?—They are not general

ral currency, but are only sought by a few *amateurs* as medals for their cabinets. The public are better satisfied with the counters of fashionable reading, and the light currency of translations.

MYSELF.

Truly no very favourable aspect for the sons of science. But under favour, my friend, to continue the simile still farther, you treat the matter rather as a Jew than as a warden of the mint. The former always finds the coin that other people carry about them too light, and asserts his own ducats to be of the current standard, while on the contrary the latter proves every piece by the proper test. The question then rests here, what is to be understood by the word literature? since, like many others, it is of that doubtful meaning, that every one may hold his own interpretation to be right.

MASTER GRATIUS.

Justly observed. The words literature and literary standard are extremely equivocal. According to the most extended sense,

sense, the former means the whole circle of human knowledge; in a more restrained sense it signifies no more than the knowledge of whatever is useful to mankind; and in the medium way it generally denotes scholastic learning. I do not deny that the sphere of human knowledge, is by the activity of the human mind, and the facility with which all discoveries are at present communicated, daily more and more widely extended. But should it be asked whether the greatest part of this knowledge is not wholly useless?—whether our cotemporaries blinded by the rage for novelty, do not neglect what has been hitherto discovered and long found to be useful?—whether these devourers of all the new creations of human wit and human folly, do not experience the fate of the dog in the fable, who while he snapped at the shadow lost the substance?—whether true knowledge is not like a nut, the outward shell of which is only to be desired for the sake of the kernel within?—and whether genuine learning does not seem to be rapidly falling into decline
and

and diffuse? To all these questions I must give an affirmative answer.

MYSELF.

This thread will soon be spun too fine for me. Be so good, my friend, as to explain what branches of knowledge you would include among the class of useful?

MASTER GRATIUS.

All that rest upon fixed principles, or a long tried experience, or which are founded upon the unshaken pillar of truth. But since the question, "*What is truth?*" is considered as one of the most difficult of all others to answer, I will say the principles and experience that are to be found amid the monuments of all human wisdom, the writings of the ancients; these it should be our business to study with the greatest attention and diligence. Knowledge collected in this manner may safely be pronounced useful; all other is superficial, and of no avail.

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

But may not the acquisition of any branch of knowledge, without considering it on your principles, but merely as an exertion of the human understanding, be regarded as useful?

MASTER GRATIUS.

In the general acceptance of the word useful, it may be so: but in the calculation of *plus* and *minus* a small advantage gained, when a greater is thereby missed, is in fact a loss. What would be said of a man who should pick stones when he could gather grapes?—wine cannot indeed be pressed from stones, yet they are useful to pave the streets. Notwithstanding that, the stone gatherer would be considered as a fool, as are nine tenths of our present literati, who will no longer pluck the grapes of ancient literature, but rather delight to paddle in the rivulet of neoteric wisdom for the flints at the bottom. Where do we find among our present authors one who breathes the fire and spirit of the
ancients?

ancients?—are they not rather daily deviating more and more from this pattern.

MYSELF.

That I will not dispute. But must our literati then always be fastened into the go-cart of ancient authorship, and never be suffered to run alone? Is all our knowledge to be founded on the principles of ancient wisdom, as our creed is upon the principles of the apostolic faith? The thing appears to me quite otherwise, and I think I can no way explain myself so well, as by a simile drawn from Breilkopf the bookseller at Leipstick's bear. Some time ago all the bookselling tribe had a symbol which ran thus, *Ipse alimenta sibi*. This I interpret, that the vender of learning in selling food for the mind, had no other end in view but to procure nourishment for his own body, without concerning himself how it fared with the author, or whether he, poor soul, could get a dinner or not. At present the bear is the symbol of the author; he finds his own nourishment, but 'tis by means of his
own

own paws. But hold!—It will not do quite as I would have it; take it therefore thus. Before taste and knowledge had burst through the clouds which the remains of barbarism spread over all Germany, the literati were compelled to have recourse to foreign aid, and to seek nourishment from the stores of the ancients. Then were they like the bear who runs his snout into every tree where he can find honey, till he grows full and fat; but when he has become so, he no longer seeks to ransack the stores of the bees, but lays himself down in his den, and sucks from his own paws the heart-reviving food; and this he would call, *Ipse alimenta sibi*. But since correct taste and learning has spread abroad, the first spark of which was kindled at the altars of the ancients, geniuses have arisen among us, to whom nothing is difficult, whose source of knowledge lies within their own bosoms, whence, without foreign aid, it continues to flow inexhaustibly.

MASTER GRATIUS.

Alas! these are self-ordained geniuses, who, by the neglect of the learned languages, and by decrying the original writings of the Greeks and Romans, would expel all fundamental principles of knowledge from the republic of letters.

MYSELF.

There spoke the schoolmaster!—there indeed we behold the Jew who thinks every piece of money too light, but what he carries in his own bag. You scholastics lament over the decline of knowledge, because your Priscian is no longer the ruling consul in the commonwealth. The present dictator there is in a very different story, he insists that no one shall speak or write out of his mother-tongue; and why indeed should we in these days concern ourselves with the study of the dead languages to read the ancient authors? The time devoted to it would be entirely thrown away since there is not one among them who has not assumed a new garb, and who may not be
studied

studied through the medium of translation to as good effect as in the original.

MASTER GRATIUS.

Against this, sufficient objections may be urged. I could, for example, produce Greek and Roman authors which are not translatable, consequently *cannot* be studied with effect in a translation. You will reply perhaps that any acquaintance with them is unnecessary, since their spirit is sufficiently transfused into our own writings, which our youth may study, and by which they may form their taste. Such is the creed of our *beaux-esprits*,—'tis what they confess with their hearts, though they may deny it with their tongues; for do we not see them make use of the Greek and Roman literature for ornamenting and dressing up their own writings, as the ladies use Roman curls for the ornament of their heads. At the same time every body knows that the gentlemen obtain their knowledge of the ancients from new dictionaries and translations, as the ladies their Roman curls

curls from the heads of the peasant girls in Germany. But since you are fond of families, I will illustrate this matter farther by one. Is it not better and more rational to drink the clear water that flows at the fountain-head, than to wait till it has pursued its course for a long way over mud and filth, when it becomes at least flat, and deprived of all spirit; if not insufferably nauseous?

MYSELF.

Certainly you are right. But if ancient literature must be likened to a spring, I will compare it to that of Selzer. It has been long out of use for common purposes, yet it is a spring of no common qualities, and is carried many miles over land and sea for medicinal purposes. But it is considered as of equal use when drank at three or four hundred miles distance from the spring, and after passing through many different hands, as when taken at the fountain-head itself.

MASTER GRATIUS.

I understand you perfectly; and confess that in similizing, I must yield the palm
to

to you. But since you allow that the study of the ancient classics, and of the learned languages, is at present held in little consideration; that these *chef-d'œuvres* are no longer taken as models for the formation of our taste, but that the arbitrary imagination of the writer is his only standard; judge yourself whether confusion and disorder is not likely to spread over the whole republic, and whether now the bridle and curb that once restrained authorship is slipped off, we are not in danger of being over-run with a swarm of barbarous productions, as was formerly the Roman empire by a horde of barbarous nations.

MYSELF.

My good friend, you seem to contemplate the state of literature in your native country in too contracted a point of view, and to consider a single bough as the whole tree. Look up at the verdant canopy that now shades us from the sun; behold this firm and sound trunk, these fine spreading boughs continually putting forth new branches, which are yearly laden with

fruit through the natural fertility of the stem. Yet does not every branch bear fruit, some only bear leaves, and others even wither away and die of themselves. But supposing one of my people were to come and say to me, "Sir, there are several dead branches on your pear tree, let us cut it down, 'tis good for nothing," I should say, "Fool, cut off the dead boughs, but let the tree stand, it will still live and flourish many years." 'Tis the same with literature. This or that bough which once bore good fruit, may be withered and dried away, but that is no reflection upon the whole tree, which is continually putting forth new boughs full of sap and fertility, and bearing no less excellent fruit than the former. The dead boughs are the mere school learning, the fruitful days of which are passed. This may be a bitter pill to you gentlemen, almost as bad as a solar system to the inhabitants of the planets;—should one fixed star be extinguished, they might apprehend that the whole system was falling to ruin; but
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of that there is no danger, it still stands firm and secure.

MASTER GRATIUS.

Certainly there is some truth in your observation. The declension of literature apparently arises from the contempt into which, what are called scholastic studies are falling, which are almost throughout, considered now as useless pedantry. The philanthropinists in particular are so eager to give this branch of learning its last thrust, that they ought rather to be called Iconoclasts than school reformers. Meanwhile many very competent judges, the learned rector Crebsius among others, have sufficiently exposed the mischief of substituting for the study of the classics, the useless, and in some respects pernicious, things in which our youth are now instructed, and what barbarism is likely to arise from the young mind being early taught to prattle of every thing, and learn nothing.

MYSELF.

My good sir, this is already confuted by equally respectable people on the other side of the question. The Berlin cooks in particular have roasted the good Crebſius ſo thoroughly, that all his moiſture is drawn out, and he can hiſs no more.

MASTER GRATIUS.

I will not pretend to decide upon the matter, for my judgment may appear partial, and I have only conſidered it tranſiently. In this however we are agreed that ſchool learning is now at a very low ebb. I will grant, if you deſire it, that this may be only a branch, and not the ſtem of literature; but all the other branches appear to me as much withered as this. I am therefore curious to know in what branch of knowledge you can ſee as manifeſt a progreſs, as in this we can both ſee a manifeſt decline.

MYSELF.

In the firſt place, in the department of the *belles-lettres*, we Germans can now
 raiſe

raise our heads as high as our neighbours. Our poets, among which class I include *beaux esprits*, humourists, writers of sensibility, novelists, &c. since they are all branches of the poetic stem, although they do not all write verses,—our poets, I say, for example, are now as numerous as those of any nation under the sun, and may vie with any in force of imagination, and power of embodying their conceptions. In the higher branches of knowledge, I will only mention the astonishing strides made within the last few years in the study of natural history. How would king Solomon, with all his wisdom, be astonished to find the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, exalted as it were into a new cedar of Lebanon, since the naturalists have discovered as many species of plants between that and the moss that spreads itself over the neglected stone, as in his time were known between the cedar and the hyssop? But what is more important than all the physical, botanical, œconomical, mineralogical, geographical, astronomical, anatomical, and catoptrical dis-

coveries and observations hitherto made, more important than the discovery of Patagonia, Oraheite, or all the other south-sea islands, nay than would be that even of a fifth quarter of the world, is the revival and improvement of the ancient, noble, but too long-neglected science of physiognomy, for the promotion of the knowledge and love of mankind. This bud, the man of God, Lavater, brought forth from the hot-house of his genius, and grafted it with his own hand upon the stem of universal knowledge, where it has thriven and flourished, and now yields an abundant harvest of fruit for the unspeakable use of his fellow creatures. For such a noble branch as this, the chief ornament of the whole tree, would I willingly resign all those of speculative philosophy; what say you to that?

MASTER GRATIUS.

That you defend a bad cause with much warmth and ingenuity. I will however give you my opinion particularly upon every point. With regard to our progress

gress in the belles-lettres, I have only to say, that to compare our productions in that way with those of the ancients, were to compare pygmies with giants. In those branches of knowledge in which experience and observation alone are required, not deep investigation, and exalted powers of mind, I will grant that we have gone some steps farther than our ancestors. It must however be considered, that only a small part of the extensive knowledge of the ancients has been transmitted to us; that much of what the moderns plume themselves upon as newly discovered, was said by their forefathers long ago, and that we are ignorant of many things which were perfectly well known to them; the difference here therefore is tolerably well balanced. With respect to the new acquisitions of which you speak with so much enthusiasm, they are indeed not worth so much as a single acre of land in the kingdom of Lodomiria. I see you lean with the idolatrous Israelites of our days to the golden calf of physiognomy, but believe me, sooner or later, this false science,

now so worshipped, will share the fate of all other idols. Long enough has it passed upon the world as pure gold, till at last the knight-errant Michaelis has slain the calf, and finds that it had merely a gilded hide, but within, was no more than a worthless log of wood. If you can find no better grafts than this for your tree, I am afraid the trunk will soon stand alone deprived of all its branches. Such an airy science can never obtain the right of citizenship in the province of literature, but will soon be transported as a vagabond over the borders, to seek its fortune with alchymy, astrology, chiromancy, and the like. Or should such rabble ever become naturalized, we may rest assured that the downfall of the whole literary constitution is at hand.

“ We had better go home,” said I, “ since it grows very late ;” for I could no longer endure to hear the man prattle such nonsense. Had not Master Gratius been my my ex-preceptor, I had doubtless given him an answer that his ears
would

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would not very easily have forgotten;—
but I thought within myself, 'tis better
to leave the old boy alone;—we cannot
expect age to be free from follies;—let
him then say what he will, it cannot harm
me. So I drew my bee-cap over my face,
and home we marched.

CHAP. XII.

*St. Sebaldus's Day.**An important Discovery.*

Probatum est!—Mark is gone!—and the sheep are gone!—the young ones locked up in the hut are taken away, and the lock of the door is broke open!—Now say, ye unbelievers, is physiognomy nothing?—does not all agree to a hair?—Well, I will not repine at losing my sheep, since they were not of Candide's purple breed; and the loss of them, though each would have fetched me its four florins hard money, is not to be put in the balance against Mark's being proved a decided thief. Long enough have I said that this would be the case, but all my people, to be sure, were to be poor

Mark's

Mark's advocates. I wonder what Philip will have to say when he returns. I verily believe he'd massacre the fellow upon the spot, were he but in his power for honest people are never so much incensed as when they find they have been duped by rogues.

My whole house is in confusion; nay even the whole village is in alarm and astonishment, as if it had been plundered by a gang of banditti. I hear nothing but curses and execrations of the rascal Mark, and not less than thirty people are voluntarily gone in pursuit of him. But he will not be taken, his profile tells me he is too cunning for that. He is an experienced thief, and will soon be safe with his twelve sheep among the American recruits. Among all his pursuers, however, not one has lost the value of a pin by him. I am the only loser, and like a careful host, have not taken a single step in the affair. And why?—Because when the steward informed me of the theft, I felt much more secret satisfaction than discontent at the intelligence. How
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is this to be explained? It seems to be matter of great wonderment to all about me, yet it will not require much puzzling of the brains to solve the riddle; not half so much as it costs the delver Wolkmar to explain the ingenious logogryphs in the Mercury.

When I weigh this problem in the balance of my understanding, putting in one scale the loss of twelve sheep, in the other the honour thence accruing to my favourite science, the power of self-love, which is eminently flattered by this honour, makes the scale with the sheep kick the beam, as if it were twelve feathers weighing against so many pounds of silver. Loss and gain accurately calculated, I find them exactly in the same proportion as the stake in the lottery to the profits that may arise from it; that is at least as fifteen to one; and were not he a fool who should set such a probable advantage against the loss of the stake. Many a great person before me has counted an injury as a gain, when he has by that means acquired that species of honour, of
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the value of which he himself only could judge.

My grandfather was a freeholder like his grandson, and there was not a more substantial man in the whole district. But the sound of "*Your excellency*" had an unfortunate charm for his ears that nothing could resist; he repaired to court, served there *par bonheur*, and for the honour of his prince, involved himself deeply in debt. By consent of his feudal lord, ten thousand dollars were borrowed upon a mortgage on the estate, and to his great satisfaction he was dismissed from court with a patent of nobility.

My near neighbour the Chamberlain Von — thought it a charming thing to have two buttons more upon his coat * than his neighbours, though he might perhaps have two estates less. His wish was accomplished, and now is he happier with an empty granary than he was before with a full one.

* The dressed coat, which is worn only at court, is always distinguished by an extraordinary number of buttons.

The great florist, Mynheer Van der Dalen, at Haarlem, as my father used to relate, one day found that another person was in possession of a tulip which he believed to be exclusively his own. He bought his neighbour's garden immediately for a good round sum in hard cash, tore up the bulb, stamped it under his foot, and on the very same day sold his new purchase again to its original possessor for twenty thousand florins less than he had given for it. But all was well, his pride as a florist was satisfied.

The famous naturalist Commerçon traversed more than one quarter of the globe, exchanging his ready money for natural curiosities. But on his return, at no house in Paris could his friend Maillart procure him a lodging, because the stink of his fishes and other curiosities was insupportable; yet to him they smelt like ambergris and civet.

The rector of Mangelsdorf, who wishes to hold up his head as a man of letters, above all his brethren in the diocese, and who laughs to scorn the whole tribe of bee-inspectors;

inspectors, caterpillar-hunters, and silkworm breeders around him, is collecting a very large and choice library. East, west, north, and south, by ship and by courier, has he sent to collect all the rare and valuable books that were to be purchased, and is perfectly contented that his lands should bring forth nothing but thorns and thistles, provided nobody can contest with him the honour of possessing the most valuable library in the country.

I would venture a wager, that not one of these ever considered for a moment the loss they sustained in money, since each gained that species of honour after which his heart yearned. Or if I turn my observation to other examples in which money has no concern, I think my position will not be the less established. Consider only how the statesman wastes his domestic comforts and peace of mind; how the warrior hazards his limbs and even his life; and the man of letters the overthrow of his mental powers, in the acquisition of the darling object of his soul. For instance, Lord North in England, for whose twelve years of

of ministry I would not, in truth, have given a bushel of potatoes; General Wolfe who expired on the bed of honour in America; and that illustrious literary meteor ——— in Germany, who according to report is now out of his head. When I reflect upon all these, I must consider the loss of my twelve sheep as a great gain, since the point my heart so earnestly panted to see established is now placed beyond the reach of controversy, and my ambition is satisfied.

I had proceeded thus far in my meditations upon this matter, when going full of good humour and self-satisfaction to the window to breathe a little fresh air, and revolve the subject over in my mind once more, what should I see but this very same Mark coming towards the house, rubbing his hands and highly delighted. "Here," cried he to the butler, "give us a glass of good liquor; I have 'em all again, every sheep of 'em. I smelt 'em out at that rascally thieves den, the ale-house there in the middle of the forest."

I scarcely

I scarcely knew what it was I heard, or whether to believe my senses; but it was even so. I shut my casement softly, and sat myself down again at my writing-table wholly disconcerted, when happening by chance to turn towards the glass, I observed every feature of my face perfectly distorted; all the muscles which before were rounded, and appeared jovial and gay, were now fallen and lengthened inconceivably; the eyes were dimmed and gloomy; the nose pale; and the under lip hanging down. I was struck with the change, and presently began to expostulate with myself: "It is surely," said I, "a little extraordinary to be thus out of humour, because his actions have proved a man honest, whom fancy had demonstrated to be a thief. Thou wert formerly of that benevolent disposition, that thou would'st rather have proved ten people honest, than one a rogue; and now the case is quite reversed. How is this heart? If thou canst be so perverted, that thou would'st gladly sacrifice a worthy fellow to the establishment of thy hypothesis, thou art like Moloch

loch who required innocent children to be offered up to him, and no longer deserve to beat within this breast. 'Tis true that there is nothing new in a hypothesis swallowing up an honest man, as the adder formerly did the post-boy with the bag of letters. How many people for the sake of an hypothesis which they ought to believe and would not, or which they would believe when they ought not, have been scourged, branded, hung, beheaded, quartered, and God knows what. The difference indeed would not be great were I to add an unit to this sum, but heaven preserve me from being such a hypothetical murderer as I had almost been unintentionally. This hyena's teeth are indeed at present tolerably broken, so that she cannot suffocate and devour, though she may continue to snap and bite. That she can still do the latter is sufficiently evident from the treatment lately experienced by the truly worthy ex-senior G ——— of H ——— who, because he would not blow the trumpet of orthodoxy, has been denounced as a blustering zealot, a proselyte-

lyte-maker to heresy, and an anathematizer of the whole Christian church; in consequence of which the ferocious creature has been let loose against him to his no small annoyance. So generally indeed is this proposition now received as true, that the poor man cannot step forth into the literary world without being pursued and hunted down by all the black guards of the republic, every one of whom strives to pluck a hair from his beard. My good brethren do not judge him from the physiognomy of his writings, but according to the general tenor of his life and actions, and so you will learn to know him truly at last, as I have learned to know my shepherd."

Having finished my expostulation, I ordered Mark to be called in, when methought he appeared before me with quite a different physiognomy. All the lines of treachery and knavery were vanished. I saw no longer the features of Rudgerodt. I therefore began to speak kindly to him, which I had not been accustomed to do lately,

lately, and desired him to give me a particular account of the affair of the sheep.

“ Sir,” said he, “ you must know that I smelt a rat, for yesterday evening as I was driving the flock out of the forest, I saw some fellows lurking and peering about, as if they had no good in their heads. I however made as if I did not mind ’em, but I thought I’d show ’em a trick worth two of theirs, so I crept into the hut where the young ones lie, and when it was quite dark stole out upon all-fours, and hid myself behind a hedge not fifty steps from the flock. ’Twas not long before the fellows came, when the first thing they did was to silence the dogs, and then they broke open the hut and drove away some of the sheep. I observed which way they went, and by good luck managed to get up with ’em in the forest, when I saw ’em drive the poor beasts in at that thieves den the alehouse. Then away I ran to the next town and told my story to the justice ; upon which he sends his people to the place, and there we stopped the sheep, but as ill-luck

would have it, the fellows themselves made off upon the first alarm."

And what was now to be done? My physiognomical reputation was at stake. Could I confess that my eyes had been deceived?—that my judgment of Mark's physiognomy was no less warped than friend Sportler's of mine?—This would go very hard with me. If I could not by means of the physiognomy delve into the human heart, and immediately distinguish an honest man from a rogue, of what use were my studies? I should besides be the sport and laughing-stock of my neighbours when my mistake became known; would they not say, according to the expression of Gratarolus of Bergamo, that the whole science was a mere *Vultispex*. My physiognomical discoveries would even be rendered as doubtful to myself as the discovery of the Ana of the ancient fathers is become in our time. Would to heaven that the friend who first noticed the resemblance between Mark's profile and Rudgerodt's had not been so busy. But what does it signify?

One mistake more or less is trifling in the catalogue of human errors, and this shall make as little alteration in my physiognomical faith, as writhing with a fit of the cholic did in that of a certain stoic. He still maintained that pain was no evil; so will I still maintain the infallibility of my science in spite of the contradiction of experience.

CHAP. XIII.

*St. Bartholomew's Day.**Motives for travelling.**Four o'clock in the morning:*

A LOVELY clear day! I am quite in spirits; I have risen earlier than the sun, and see with pleasure my rush-light which before the morning began to dawn, illuminated the whole room, now appear humbled, and collecting itself into a scarcely visible flame. The day light begins to be every hour brighter and brighter in my soul: what before appeared obscure as the Egyptian darkness, now by the physiognomical light that shines within me is become bright as the noon-day sun. I was upon the point of erring too far the other way with regard to Mark, and setting him down as the most honest fellow

here below. Foiled as I had been in this respect, my physiognomical faith began to totter, but I have now got a new buttress to my system, and all is again firm as a rock.

The great master of the art says in the Fragments, "What soul so pure, so tender, so refined, that has not at some time or other its diabolical moments, in which nothing but opportunity is wanting for it to commit one, two, perhaps three enormous crimes within the small space of an hour."

This proposition I suppose to be as incontrovertible in physiognomy as the *dictum de omni et nullo* in logick. Why then may it not be equally true reversed, and may not every rogue have his angelic moments, when, if opportunity serve, he will perform his one, two, or perhaps three *good* actions within the hour. Thus I conclude *ex æquo*; and now 'tis no riddle to me why Mark did not join his genuine companions the sheep-stealers, and drive away another dozen of wethers as his quota; the rogues happened, unfortunately

unately for themselves, to come in one of his angelic moments. My interpretation of his countenance I therefore still consider as of genuine currency; the fellow at bottom is good for nothing, and even should he act in a like honourable manner again, or should a vision of angels be seen hovering over his head, I would still maintain that the gallows is impressed upon his countenance. For that when he returned home from his pursuit of the sheep, his countenance appeared so good and honest, proves nothing in his favour; it rather establishes the truth of the golden saying from the tripod of the physiognomical oracle, — “That directly before or after a noble action, and in the same manner directly before or after a very villainous one, the same man has a totally different physiognomy.” I will bear with him then till he has done something to shew himself in his true colours, but never can he share my confidence.

Eight o'clock in the morning.

How?—what?—impossible!—Sophy with her angelic physiognomy; with the countenance of Eve in a yet guiltless world;—Sophy has disappeared! Was it for this that the girl importuned me so much to let her go and visit the justice's mother in the neighbouring town, only to take the opportunity of escaping. Not a foot has she set in the worthy matron's house; she was carried away from an inn on the road by a knight-errant, and according to all appearance this elopement was a preconcerted thing. Had she come from the town of Morlaix I should not have been surpris'd at this ravishment, since, according to the Abbé Fortis, in that place the suffering themselves to be voluntarily run away with, is a sort of epidemic disease among the young girls; but I do not know of any such contagion prevailing in our country. Oh thou serpent! have I deserved this of thee? Among the four hundred and thirty-three snakes of the Petersburg cabinet,

cabinet, scarcely can one be found so deceitful as thee !

Sophy !—Sophy !—still does thy name charm mine ear !—And canst thou also bear the fishes tail ?—can that enchanting form be but the splendid casket to enshrine a deceitful heart ? How is it possible that a false, distorted, hypocritical soul can inhabit a body framed with such symmetry, so exquisitely proportioned. How is it possible that this poisonous spider can have spun a web of such delicate texture, that in no thread or fibre should there be a single twist by which the foot of the treacherous inhabitant within can be discovered. Ungrateful creature ! thou hast disappointed the fairest plan of my life !—hast rejected all that my heart so honourably offered thee on that blessed day when we sat together under my favourite tree. Oh how did thy false bosom swell with feigned tenderness !—how did the crocodile's tears, which I considered as genuine pearls, stand in thine eyes, when thou sawest me ready to sacrifice

name, fortune, family to thee!—for thee to forsake my native country, to become a happy peasant, and, after the example of the man of the hill, to make thee my Antoinette.

Ten o'clock.

Worse and worse! Gertrude has been to visit the empty nest, whence the bird escaped, and has found it empty indeed. The case containing several trinkets of my mother's, besides other things of value, which was in one of the drawers of the room my Sophy inhabited, and which I did not remove because I placed such full confidence in her honour, is gone with her the Lord knows whither. It contained:

A gold chain, with a locket hanging to it, which represented a wounded heart.

A pair of emerald ear-rings set in gold.

A silver snuff-box, with a perpetual calendar in the lid.

A gold-ring set with real diamonds and black enamel.

All

All the money given me by my god-fathers and godmothers.

A child's coral, with silver bells, and a wolf's tooth.

Yet she might have taken all the trash, even to the money, and welcome, only not secretly. But to take them like a thief!—fye!—fye!—shame on it!—Oh thou pious good shade which now hangest opposite to me, how can I lift my eyes to thee after having been thus grossly deceived! Yet still when I look upon thee, I think I read thee as before; the variations vanish like the fleeting images in a dream when we suddenly awake from sleep. Happy is it for me that the salamander who has poisoned my sentiments towards thee is far removed from my vengeance!

Eleven o'clock.

A letter from the inn on the road which the bird left as she flew away from her cage. It is as follows:

“ Whatever you may think, most worthy, most respected of men, of my
K 5 leaving

leaving you so abruptly, be assured that I felt myself under the necessity of acting in this manner to spare you the mortifications inevitably attached to my remaining longer in your house. Judge me not too harshly ! I throw myself upon the candour and benevolence of your excellent heart, and without justifying the step I have taken, or accusing myself of ingratitude and want of confidence towards you, will now disclose the cause of my disappearance. I am an unfortunate creature ! —unfortunate through a too great sensibility of heart, and the irresistible force of an ardent passion. My story is not entirely as I related it, and as you had the kindness to believe on my single word. In short I was afraid of bringing eternal disgrace upon the house of my benefactor, and I fled, resolved that some wretched cottage should conceal that shame which I never could have supported within the walls that had afforded me so philanthropic an asylum. The distressed state of my affairs has constrained me to take away some
trifles

trifles contained in a casket in one of the drawers of the room I inhabited. I promise faithfully to return the worth of them as soon as a milder fate will permit the performance of this act of duty. Believe me my heart has no share in the theft, which nothing but extreme necessity could have induced. With the warmest feelings of gratitude, and the highest sentiments of esteem, I subscribe myself the unhappy

SOPHIA."

Let her take them!—the poor creature is in want, and they lay as an useless capital in the casket; they are now in good hands; henceforth I consider them as an alms given to the needy. I cannot help still feeling a kindness for the girl; her open and candid confession of her faults, and the silhouette that I have before me have reconciled me again to the little serpent. The most angelic souls have their moments of diabolism; Sophy therefore must have hers. Unluckily the opportunities for the evil actions have fallen in

her way, and in such a manner that the evil of *actu primo*, necessarily led to that of *actu secundo*. I presume that Sophy never had more than two moments of diabolism in her life, but two she certainly has had; first that unhappy one in which she yielded to the temptation of all others the most fatal to poor girls, and which they ought to shun more carefully than fire and water; the other that in which she took a fancy to my casket. The old proverb is still in the right,—“*Opportunity makes the thief.*”

One o'clock.

I could not eat a morsel at dinner. Was it that I no longer had Sophy's little delicate hand to serve me? or has the shock given me by her flight got into my stomach? I must retire under the shade of my beloved pear-tree to relieve my heart by the fresh air.

Six o'clock in the evening.

I am returned to the house as heavy-hearted as I left it. I have poured out my sorrows

sorrows to my silent bosom friend, the only one on earth perhaps in which I can venture again to confide. Methought its verdant leaves seemed to drop compassion upon me ;—methought it bent down its venerable branches with a mixture of shame and sorrow, as if wishing to conceal the name of the faithless creature which in a moment of transport I had carved upon its bark, while it was yet engraven more deeply in my heart. And if after many revolving seasons the now conspicuous incision shall in the one be grown over, and in the other be extinguished, a scar will yet remain for ever. I must without delay have recourse to some more effective medium for dispersing the hypochondriacal symptoms I feel coming fast upon me !—Yes, it shall be so !—Philip shall pack up my clothes this evening ; to-morrow morning I set off on my travels.

THE END OF THE JOURNAL.

A. ELLIOTT & SON, LTD., LONDON.

I am a poor, weak, and feeble creature, and I feel that I am unworthy of the love and affection of any one. I am a poor, weak, and feeble creature, and I feel that I am unworthy of the love and affection of any one. I am a poor, weak, and feeble creature, and I feel that I am unworthy of the love and affection of any one.

THE END OF THE JOURNALS

PHYSIOGNOMICAL TRAVELS.

CHAP. I.

My first setting out.

A practical contribution to the theory of thoughts and perceptions.

AND the next morning at break of day I did set off. No soul alive knew of my intention, except Mrs. Gertrude, who supposed me going in pursuit of Sophy. I suffered her to remain in this belief, gave her a note upon my steward for what money she might want during my absence, and quitted my house accompanied only by Philip.

When we had gone about five miles, the Cimbrian began to prick up his ears and neigh as he constantly does at sight of an inn. I raised my eyes expecting to behold

behold one of those hospitable mansions for the accommodation of travellers, and cast them upon——neither more nor less than the gate of my own court-yard. “Hey? how’s this Philip,” said I. “How happens it that we have rode thus in a ring? What are become of your eyes that you could not see what I was after, and set me right?”

“Sir,” answered the rogue, “I thought we were upon a secret expedition, and ’twould spoil all were I to speak.”

A secret expedition indeed, thought I, for I knew as little whither I was going as Philip or the Cimbrian. Uneasiness of mind drove me forth as a wanderer; I therefore left it to chance, or my horse, to settle what course I should pursue, and since the latter chose to take the lead in directing this matter, he brought me safely back again to my own house.

So much understanding has a four-footed animal when man places confidence in him. But should the horse with the two short bounding fore-feet, and the many-coloured tail have the direction; that
horse

horse which we all love even better than ourselves, the hobby-horse I mean; should he take the direction, and gallop with his rider over hill and dale, through hedge and bush, this same rider will scarcely return home without a broken nose, as I have experienced not unfrequently in my travels. In a vehement pet I spurred my Cimbrian, and soon *flew* over the boundary of my own territories, if a dozen steps in a hard trot, and then relapsing again into a solemn ass's march, has any resemblance to the flight of a bird. My horse's paces gave the same sensations to my ribs, as the alternate canter, and solemn heroic march of the verses in the new Amadis give my ears. I soon perceived indeed that the animal was not a descendant of the famous Newmarket racer Pot-ooooooooo* ; and it was quite as well for me that he was not so, since the nag my Philip rode could as little have kept pace with a horse of that description, as the ass Baldwin could overtake Pegasus in his flight to Helicon †.

* The translator follows the German in this spelling.

† See German Mercury for April 1777.

And now, reader, to develope the cause and occasion of this strange rotatory ride.— A sentimental reverie having taken entire possession of my soul, in order to be the more perfectly unmolested in its new situation, had strained tight that pair of nerves that serve to keep the seat fast in the saddle, and entirely unbent the other eight pair; like an experienced mariner, who when the storm rages binds fast the rudder at the stern, but unbends the sails, to let the ship drive at the mercy of the waves. The five doors also through which all knowledge passes from outward objects into the soul, were closed and fast locked, so that the phantom within, or if you please, the reverie, was able to play her tricks with perfect security and satisfaction. Like a girl, who, conscious that she is arrived at those years when 'tis considered as degrading to play with her doll, yet being unable to resist what has so often delighted her heart, takes an opportunity of stealing into the room where the discarded favourite is laid by, locks the door, and lets down the window curtains, then dresses the baby,

baby, and feeds it with a tart made of clay or sand.

Every one will soon guess that Sophy was the doll with which my soul was at play. As I rode by my orchard, and came to the apple-tree under which I first beheld the lovely creature, I could not resist stopping a few moments. The first rays of the rising sun gilded the turf upon which she had reclined, and as I looked around I suddenly espied the lovely flower *Forget me not*, in bloom upon the spot, and raising its crest just above the hedge, as a young maiden whose bosom begins to swell with the love of admiration, puts her head out at the window to attract the notice of passers by. An irresistible impulse seized my heart; I sprung from my saddle, hastily plucked up the stem of the flower, with all the blossoms upon it, and sticking it into the button-hole of my coat, said in a sorrowful tone, "Dearest Sophy never can my heart forget thee! I will carry this memorial about with me wherever I wander, as a cherished relique!—thou wert a sweet
dove,

dove, though thou hast flown away from me !”

With that I mounted my saddle again, and in thought pronounced a solemn and eloquent parentation over my Sophy, almost as affecting as that held by friend Asmus over Anselmo, on a certain Christmas-day. And now a thought struck me, to which, as is often the case when once I catch hold of a thing, I clung eagerly, and gnawed it, and turned it over in my brain, as a dog gnaws a bone. “What if I should meet Sophy in my travels.” This thought pleased me so well, that it was soon converted into a wish ; and then imagination quickly presented before me, like the figures in a magic-lantern, a thousand different scenes, picturing the girl first in one situation, then in another, according to the wishes or fears of my heart. This rapid succession of ideas engendered by the fluctuating state of my soul between a few still glimmering rays of hope, and absolute despair, at length threw me into a state of trembling extasy, that might have done honour to George

Fox

Fox himself, the founder of the Quaker sect.

Soon after I beheld a post-chaise at no great distance. Curiosity urged me to make towards it, when I caught a transient glance of a lady in a light drab-coloured English riding-habit, by whose side sat a handsome young man in a green coat, with a round white beaver hat. As soon as the lady saw me, she concealed her face with a silk handkerchief, as if to keep off the dust, while her companion called to the postillion to put on, and they flew past me in a moment. Ah I knew her but too well! it was Sophy! it was the faithless creature! I followed the carriage with my eyes till I could see it no longer, but suffered it to go on in peace, and pursued my way with a sad and heavy heart.

The romance soon after took a new turn. Towards evening, I perceived that we had gotten out of the highway, and that I must take up my night quarters in a little village at which we just then arrived. I knocked at the door of a cottage, and made known my wants and wishes, but
it

it was not till after a very long parley that I could persuade the mistress to give me a lodging. At length she did consent, though with manifest reluctance, and made me a bed of clean straw in one corner of the room, at the same time serving up for supper the best of what her pantry afforded.

Meanwhile, having espied lying in the room a piece of fine needle work, I began to grow inquisitive, and asked to whom it belonged? For some time I could obtain no answer, till at length by dint of importunity, I drew from my hostess, in confidence, that a young stranger lodged in her house, fair and lovely as an angel, but so sad, so melancholy, that at times she almost wept her beautiful eyes out of her head; some great misfortune must certainly have befallen her. My heart was instantly in a flame; not a wink could I sleep all night. The next morning after a long and earnest negotiation, I did however prevail on the unknown to grant me an interview—it was—
oh God—it was indeed, Sophy.

As

As I entered her apartment, she buried her face in her hands, to hide the blush of shame that suffused her cheeks; a torrent of tears flowed from her lovely eyes; and she fell back in her chair overpowered with emotions. In short she displayed a picture of affecting sorrow that might have melted a stone. I stood opposite to her like a senseless idol, till the first fever of sensibility began somewhat to subside, and the blood resumed its wonted course. The lovely sinner immediately entered upon an explanation of her conduct, and informed me that she was really made a sacrifice for her family, without the satisfaction of having by this means been able to save them. The treacherous landlord, after he had obtained his wishes, turned them all out of doors; upon which she had quitted them to fly their misery and her own disgrace. The stranger she met at the inn she said was her brother, whom she had entreated to seek her out some safe and obscure asylum.

She then proceeded to notice her theft, and lament the necessity to which she had been

been driven. I entreated her to be comforted, assured her that she was perfectly welcome to the baubles, and moreover shared with her the money I had in my pocket for my travelling expences. At length I parted from her with tears in my eyes, and sorrow in my heart, and with my head full of projects for finally carrying into execution the plan now interrupted, of flying with her to the foot of the friendly Alps. Ah, could this but be accomplished! I thought within myself. And why may it not? One thing only appeared to me inexplicable, which was, her saying in her letter that her misfortune arose from an irresistible passion.

Yet as I revolved the matter over in my mind, I thought I discovered a sufficient motive for the poor girl's assigning such a reason for her flight; that strongly impressed with the difference of our ranks, she judged it necessary to put the sincerity of my affection to some powerful proof. I therefore persuaded myself, that when convinced by my conduct that no appearances, however unfavourable, could shake

my attachment, she on her part would banish all fiction and reserve. But here reason interposed, and giving me a smart twinge by the ear, soon demonstrated that so flimsy a veil could no more hide the cloven foot, than the lion's skin could conceal the ass. Yet notwithstanding this severe rebuff, I continued to turn the mask round and round, in hopes still to deceive myself, till the neighing of my Pegasus announced a habitation at hand, and put an end to the sport.

After stopping at the village we now reached, which was about five and twenty miles from my own house, and satisfying my horse's cravings and my own, (for spite of all the romances that are playing in my imagination, my stomach always begins to be very clamorous about noon, so that an inn is more welcome to me than the sublimest fiction), I mounted my saddle again, and once more set forwards. Whether it were that the gross particles I had been just imbibing had dispelled all those finer aërial particles so essential to the

formation of such visions as I had before indulged in ; or whether in proportion as the distance increased between me and my charmer, the old proverb, "*Out of sight, out of mind,*" began proportionably to be verified, I will not pretend to determine ; but so it happened, that no fairy-tale interposed to amuse the time during my afternoon's ride. Reason, on the contrary, had now gotten the complete ascendant, and she led me into a train of philosophical reflection which accompanied me even into my night quarters.

It commenced with recalling the delightful feelings that had soothed my soul while wrapt in my former visions. I believe it is the same with all persons when any very vivid and cherished idea takes possession of the seat of thought ; they find the supreme delight in dwelling upon it, and moulding it into a thousand figures, as a boy does a piece of wax, which he has no sooner formed into one shape, than 'tis again destroyed to make way for the creation of another. I look upon a person addicted to these *reveries* as precisely

cisely what the great master of the physiognomical art calls a poetising soul, since poetical enthusiasm is also called by the French *reverie*;—and, from the feeling of emphatic extasy that it diffuses over the whole frame, I consider it as one of the choicest gifts of heaven. 'Tis therefore that enthusiasm is become so current an article with the intellectual voluptuaries of our days; they employ it as a stimulus to their inward sensuality, and heat their blood with a kind of æthereal passion for every thing that falls in their way. Thus at length the cold moonshine warms them as effectually as the thrice heated glow of the potter's furnace, and in the starry heavens they find as much nourishment as a common mind does in a comfortable mess of porridge.

But of all feelings, none has so great a charm for the truly enthusiastic soul, as unalterable, unassuageable anguish. Never does it experience transports so divine as when wholly absorbed in its own wretchedness, it seeks some horrid charnel house in the midst of a dark and dismal grove; or

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when

when lying on the pinnacle of some barren and rugged rock, it tears hope for ever from its tortured breast, and laments over deceived wishes and lost enjoyments. When it mourns the death or falsehood of a beloved mistress; the desertion of a wife whom it considered as its only earthly treasure; the misfortunes of a friend; the fall of a darling son from the paths of innocence and virtue; the death, or worse than death, the seduction of a lovely daughter: when its property is shipwrecked, its house burned, its lands inundated; or when it experiences any of those calamities from which the Christian church prays, "*Good Lord deliver us!*" Oh when it has any, or all of these subjects of lamentation, how does it sink into a delirium of voluptuous delight, from which small thanks would be due to him who should awaken it. A person might not, 'tis true, fatten upon these distresses, yet there is a degree of inward satisfaction in them which cannot be felt by those whose sails are always swelled with a favourable breeze. The never-varying sweets of a
state

state of uninterrupted happiness, are the most soul-wearying things under the sun. Bitter herbs are not indeed grateful to every palate, yet kind nature has united to them a soothing and healing power. Many an Israelite may perhaps have made wry faces at those, which according to the law he was obliged to chew for sauce, yet in chewing them, he found a pleasure in having something at which to repine. What this sauce was is now a matter of contention between Professor Murray of Göttingen, and myself. He supposes it to have been larkspur; I on the contrary hold it to have been a sallad of scurvy-grass.

That a certain degree of sorrow proves a most grateful irritation to the feelings, is manifested beyond a doubt by the eagerness with which all nations have read over and over again the Sorrows of Werther, and the equal eagerness with which all ranks throng to the theatre to offer their tribute of tears to the efforts of the tragic Muse. Who can say that the transport of rewarded love would have recompensed

me for being deprived of the pleasing *reverie* into which I was plunged on my first day's journey, by ruminating on Sophy's flight? In short I can, from my own experience, confidently assert, that a *reverie*, a fit of enthusiasm, or sensibility, that is to say, the poetic state of the soul, is the most delightful thing in the world. I mean only when a man has had a good dinner; for it can as little co-exist with an empty stomach, as two perfectly heterogeneous countenances can remain together in the same room.

A second observation which now struck me, I found particularly useful and salutary. I felt that the harpoon Sophy's charms had struck into my heart, had made a deep wound, and that I must undergo a very painful operation ere it could be extracted again; since from what had passed this morning it was plain, that the line was still fast attached to it, and that I must swim along wherever that drew me. While my plan remained undisturbed, I was not aware how much love held me in leading-strings, but the moment

ment the card-house was blown down, I was sufficiently convinced of it. I am not however at the years of impetuous youth, that I should bluster and rage about the matter. I have long put off my child's shoes, and have many a grey hair in my beard. Never did I suppose that the impulse which had lain so long buried in my bosom would now first begin to vegetate, and blossom at so late a period of life, like the aloe, which after standing for forty or fifty years a mere mass of leaves and prickles, at length puts forth a lofty stem, and bursts into a rich and luxuriant mass of flowers.

If I cannot boast of myself, as did the great Sir Isaac Newton, who carried his virgin reserve with him to the grave, that I have never transgressed the bounds of chastity, yet hitherto I certainly have only played with love. I never in my life was a Misogyn, but I always considered myself as a Misogam. This principle, one interesting moment had nearly made me give up, and I was brought to the very verge of committing an extreme

piece of folly. Yes, reader, of committing an extreme piece of folly; for a folly it would have been most undoubtedly to marry Sophy. No man, 'tis true could have called me to account for it judicially, nor should I have been in danger of losing an inheritance, like Dean Potter, whom his father the Archbishop of Canterbury disinherited for marrying his maid *. Neither do I fear that the *mesalliance* would have turned out as ill as that at Haberstroh, in which Mr. Hermes the maker-up of so many ill-afforted matches was the wooer †. But notwithstanding, when all is well considered, it does not appear by any means suitable that I should have taken a vagrant whom I had picked up in the highway, as my wife. I never could with propriety have produced her to my company as mistress of the house; and to have flown with her into Switzerland, the paradise of all like fools, to get out of the reach of slanderous tongues, would have been

* See the preface to the translation of John Potter's *Grecian Archæologia*. Halle. 1776.

† See Sophy's journey from Memel to Saxony.
attended

attended with its inconveniences, although it was a part of my plan. It is always an imprudent thing in a man to brave the circle of his acquaintance by a flagrant breach of the common customs of the world, till he is either thrust out of society, or treated with such slight and neglect, as to be glad for the sake of repose to quit the country.

And now since it had happened that I was fairly freed from Sophy, I made a determined resolution to banish her image for ever from my heart ; never to speak of her ; never even to think of her more ; or, if in future she should seek admittance into my bosom, there to play again with her doll, that the door should be firmly locked against her. But here theory and practice crossed each other ; and when understanding and will are at variance, I found I was not mistaken in a suspicion I had often entertained, that however understanding may attempt to reign in the head, she never rules with the despotism of a Grand Sultan, but rather like a Doge of Venice, whose office is only to sign the decrees brought to him

by the Senate. So when Senate *will* lays a decree before Doge *understanding*, I am affraid the poor Doge will always be compelled to subscribe it.

In my night-quarters I had very wonderful dreams, which, though they had little relation in themselves to the matter in question, yet might all be reduced to the effect of a shipwrecked passion. Hence the day following the idea occurred to me, that since, God be thanked ! in our times nations generally endeavour to accommodate their differences by negociation ere they have recourse to the spear and sword, so I would try what was to be done by negociation between the contending parties in my brain. On this many a weighty debate arose, that terminated at last in a convention, of which each party engaged to observe as much as it chose. The requisitions on the part of understanding were, that the idea of marriage should be entirely relinquished, in consideration of which, the weakness of the heart should be allowed the privilege of sometimes
 thinking

thinking on its lost toy, with a kind and friendly recollection. It was farther required by the first of these two high contracting parties, that should I chance to hear of Sophy again in the course of my travels, I should not pursue the scent, or endeavour by any means to find her out; in consideration of which, it should be allowed the weaker party sometimes to talk of her, at least to Philip. On the subject of her profile arose the severest conflict. Reason contending strenuously for its destruction, because nothing contributes so strongly to keep alive such a pernicious flame in the bosom, as preserving such combustible materials within its reach; but the will was so positive in not giving up this point, that at length the matter was compromised by a solemn engagement on the part of the latter, that the profile should be kept only for physiognomical purposes.

All this I weighed over and over again during the third and fourth days of my journey; and since neither party had any thing important to urge against the final

conclusion of the treaty, it was formally signed, sealed, and delivered under the open canopy of heaven, two hours before sun-set, and one hour before my arrival at Leipfick, which place I reached in perfect health and good-humour, without having encountered any other adventure.

CHAP. II.

*My first resting place.**Disappointment.*

How strangely things fall out in this world ! It was not a little singular, that when I left the direction of my first physiognomical flight entirely to chance, she should carry me directly to Leipsick. An ill omen, thought I, that 'twill only be with me, as with a certain sentimental artist, who a few years ago set out from his native town, intending, as he said, to travel over all Germany. People immediately supposed that his pilgrimage would extend from the Baltic sea to the lake of Constance, and from the banks of the Rhine to the confines of Poland. But when all came to all, the coxcomb never went farther

ther than Leipfick, about twenty miles from the place of his nativity. Here he painted and sentimentalized so long, that at last he had prattled all his time away, and so ended his tour. Yet at his return home he talked as much about what he had heard and seen, as if he had been half over the globe ; for the humourist's tongue always went like the clack of a mill.

As I entered the gates of Leipfick, my mind was much perplexed with the idea that the same thing might happen to me, since it scarcely could require less time to physiognomize a town through, than to sentimentalize it. I however banqueted luxuriantly in imagination upon the rich and abundant physiognomical acquisitions I hoped to obtain here, since, according to my idea, in this very *focus* of science and literature, every one must be a physiognomist, even from the author of the sublimest discoveries in abstract science, to the lowest vender of the lowest trash circulated by the annual literary fairs. I therefore began to sound my barber, whom
from

from the union between his trade and the surgical, I considered as one link in this long scientific and sapient chain, upon my favourite subject; but how much was I mortified at finding him such an egregious blockhead that he could not distinguish between one *phys.* and another, but confounded the physiognomical science with the physiological. For no sooner had I started the subject, than he began to recount many extraordinary stories of a certain Jew, by name Philadelphus, who had lately given himself out for a wonderful adept in this branch of knowledge, and by his vauntings and braggadocios, juggled and deluded numbers of people. All which he related with so much action, making so many gesticulations and flourishes with his razor, that I was scarcely less alarmed for my throat than was formerly king George Bodiebrad when asked by his shaver in whose possession the kingdom of Bohemia was at that time. My philanthropic feelings induced me to attempt setting the puppy right, but he obstinately adhered to his blunder, and

contended

contended that the sciences were fundamentally the same, since the leading principle of both was the illusion of the senses, though in different forms. And this he said a very great scholar, to the necessities of whose chin he had the honour of administering, had demonstrated to him very plainly but a few days before. Finding that no impression was to be made upon him, I counted out the cash to which he had a claim, and bade him be-gone as I had no farther occasion for his services.

I immediately commenced my literary round, taking the faculty in the first place. I had seated myself fast in my hobby's saddle in expectation of running the whole physiognomical course. I felt assured that the gentlemen would prove my scientific knowledge, and as I did not wish to make a sorry figure upon the occasion, I had prepared myself in such a manner, that I had no doubt of giving a ready answer to any question that might be put to me. But this was all labour in vain, for the matter fell out totally different from what

I ex-

I expected. Scarcely did I knock at a single door at the favourable moment when I could obtain an interview with the inhabitant within. One was gone into the country, another was so full of business that he could not see me, another was indisposed; and at the few places where I did gain admittance, I had to encounter such a squadron of idle ceremonies before I could come to the desired point, that almost the whole time allotted for the visit was consumed in them. I watched for a single word that seemed to spring from the fullness of the heart, for a look that seemed to hail me as a brother. In vain! All was cold as ice, till at length suspecting the fault might be in myself, I felt in my bosom more than once to see what was moving there; whether there too the fane pointed to the north, and foretold cold and perishing weather.

If the practical will not do, thought I, we must have recourse to the theoretical; surely there must be some path into the wood. I therefore began upon the subject of physiognomy, spoke first of its principles,

ciples, then of its effects, and concluded with a candid confession of my faith upon the subject. Having thus thrown the die, I had no doubt but my antagonist would take it up; and the game would go forwards. If the gentlemen were anti-physiognomists that they would bring all the artillery of their counter-arguments to bear upon me; or if we were followers of the same creed, that we should instantly shake hands as sworn friends. But even this challenge had no effect; no soul among them could I beat out of his ambush, and drive fairly into the open field. One from time to time took a pinch of snuff for the sake of exhibiting his gold snuff-box; another looked at his watch and yawned; another made a gentle inclination of his head at all and each of my propositions, but would by no means enter fairly into conversation, till at length wearied and out of humour, I returned to my inn. I was almost in the case of a worthy Tyrolese, who some years ago came to my house with haberdashery goods. Happening to be called from table where a party of
learned

learned divines had been engaged in a warm theological debate, my head was so full of this subject, that the first question I asked my wandering merchant was, what faith he professed? He looked me earnestly in the face, and said in a tone of defiance, that he was a Roman Catholic Christian, a confession he should never be afraid of making before any man, and which he was ready to seal with his blood. The fellow seemed to suppose that as a heretic I should instantly fall upon, and endeavour to make a proselyte of him, and he already beheld in idea the crown of martyrdom prepared as a reward for the firmness with which he would suffer rather than deny his wounded Saviour. But his constancy was spared this trial. I commended him for not shrinking from the avowal of his belief, gave him a glass of wine, and bade him depart in peace.

Since my expectations had been so much deceived among the *corporate* literary bodies, I was now resolved to try my success among the unassociated literati, the professors of the liberal arts, the poets, the
wits,

wits, the geniuses. Nor did the idea that I must mount many a lofty stair-case to reach the rarified atmosphere of their æthèrial regions; for 'tis well known that at Leipstick the poets and geniuses nestle in a like parallel with the cooing pigeons, in the least deter me from my purpose. Judge, reader, how I must have been transported at beholding, even in the first lodging I entered, several silhouettes with copper-plate borders round them, pasted against the walls of the room; in other respects the apartment lay in such lyrical disorder, that according to its physiognomy I should have pronounced the inhabitant one of the greatest poets of the age. I seldom find myself mistaken in the physiognomy of a room; their characters are much more strongly and impressively delineated, than even the lineaments of the countenance. I have never omitted in my travels to avail myself of this medium by which to judge the host or hostess, of any house I entered; and I have constantly found, that where lyrical disorder was discernible in the kitchen and female apartments,

nothing

nothing very promising was to be expected of their mistress.

The person whom I now visited was as I learned a poet of considerable reputation within the walls of Leipfick, though I do not know that the name of Safto, at least as a votary of the Muses, was ever heard of beyond them. I instantly mounted my hobby-horse, and was pleased to find that he paid all possible attention to the beast. He soon began to talk very fluently upon the subject, and gave a turn to his periods and flourishes as he proceeded with the harangue, that had indeed sufficient of the hexameter in it, but by which, alas, it was too evident that in the science of physiognomy he was as mere an ignoramus as my unphysiognomical barber. This I observed to him fairly and candidly, when he answered, with somewhat of asperity in his tone, that he was not responsible if the interpretation of the human countenance was veiled in impenetrable darkness, and no more to be understood than Klopstock's odes, or the writings of Jacob Boehm. Each of these was equally inexplicable with
the

the other, and no one possessed the right key to the mysterious archives, but their respective creators. This *αὐτός ἴσα* was in fact the *non plus ultra* that the most ingenious head could ever extract from the study of physiognomy. It was to their venerable inexplicability alone that the Gnomicks of Lavater, the Crypticks of Klopstock, and the Mysticks of Master Jacob, were indebted for their fame, since 'tis the nature of man to admire a thing the more, the less he understands of it. Nor did he consider this problem, he added, as difficult to be solved by the reflecting mind, since it might indisputably be referred solely to the vanity of the human heart, which is always elated with the idea of possessing a deep and penetrating insight into hidden matters, and in order to excite this opinion of its powers in others, is vociferous and unbounded in admiration of a thing in proportion to its obscurity, affecting to understand it, while in fact 'tis wholly incomprehensible. 'Tis thus alone that the three things in question attained so high a degree of celebrity,

since

since every body was at a loss to discover what was really concealed within them.

He was running on with more of this jargon, when perceiving that I had not found what I sought, and that notwithstanding the profiles with which his room was ornamented, he was no true son of the science; that moreover if I waited to hear him out, I should scarcely make any farther progress in my researches for the rest of that day, I very calmly and composedly opened the door, and walked down stairs.

Among the other wits and poets whom I visited, and who might well be called *legion*, they were so many, since I entered the apartments of a dozen at least, or perhaps a score, I found so little satisfaction, that had I possessed a like power of barter over them as I do over my cattle, I would willingly have exchanged them all for a quarter of a hundred of larks. Every one had cut out his cap according to the fashion that in his own idea was most becoming; one might be called poet laureat to the streets and highways, he wrote ballads,
love

love-songs and war-songs for the most public of all public singers;—for those who despising the pomp and ostentation of the splendidly illumined concert room and crowded orchestra, rather chuse to warble their notes under the open canopy of heaven. Another wrote satires in bad weather, or contributed his contingent to the stock of fashionable reading; another was a compiler of Vade-Mecums from old calenders; another thundered out his odes and dithyrambics; another professed to have taken Thalia for his mistress, and mistook all the abortive foundlings of his imagination, for the honourable offspring of this chaste maiden; another was pleased to take the venerable Bafedow as his butt, called aloud to the worthy man to wish him good night when he was already asleep, or bade him welcome into the arbour, and then with profound wit thrust a besom into his face.

In *Summa Summarum*, each of these brilliant geniuses was brooding over some offspring of the brain which was to be hatched against the next fair, or monthly publication.

publication. The one drove on with a feverish ardour, the other with the glow of a heated furnace, another with only the warmth of a tepid bath; but as to the study of physiognomy for the promotion of the knowledge and love of mankind, it was *altum silentium* with them all. I found, however, in most of their literary work-rooms, a number, in some more, in others fewer, of silhouettes, pasted on the wall, all vain meretricious female figures, yet which still impressed me with the idea that their owners must be physiognomists; but I learned that the lovely creatures were the females who now inspire the poets and wits of the times, instead of the superannuated Parnassian maids. On these they gaze, and gaze; repeatedly as they sit at their intellectual labours, yet not I fear with the eyes of intellectuality alone, but with glances such as I, alas! sometimes used to cast on the profile of my Sophy.

Two whole days were thus wasted without my receiving as a recompense for my trouble, even so much nourishment for the

heart and mind as was worth the oats my landlord charged for the horses. Under no cup could I find the ball I sought, and was in a like situation with Adam, my groom, who last year at the fair fell into the hands of a cup and ball player, and thong-flicker*, by which he expected to win a great deal of money; but he always happened to choose the empty cup, and to miss the end of the thong, so that at length he played away his whole year's wages. Yet I failed not to make my observations upon the physiognomy of these men of wondrous talent; but how eagerly soever I sought for the lineaments of genius, it was nowhere to be discovered. Forehead, mouth, nose, nay even hair and beard, were with all but as they are to be found in common men. Some indeed had heads no better formed than those of a shoemaker or taylor; nor could my imagi-

* This is a sort of trick very common at the country fairs in Germany. A thong of leather is folded together several times, when any one is to stick something through it, and if he hits the end of the thong, he wins the money; but care is always taken that this shall not happen.

nation

nation forbear placing them on the three legged stool or the shopboard, arrayed in the proper insignia, the leather apron and cap, and thinking that they would have appeared more in their proper element, than at the writing desk.

This idea nearly led me into another error. If, said I, the smallest alteration in the outward manner of decorating the head, can make so great a change as that it shall be impossible, through the disguise, to distinguish the man of genius from the shoemaker, by what physiognomical rules is each to be assigned to his proper class? But here a ray of light broke in upon me; and probably, since I was now at Leipstick, it must have proceeded from the tomb of my deceased tutor Crusius. I recollected the *principium indiscernibilium*, which for more than twenty years had never occurred to my mind. This taught me, that notwithstanding the apparent resemblance of two things, how strong soever that may be, a difference must be always discernible, provided the eyes of the observer be but

properly organized for perceiving it. Hence it follows that to an experienced physiognomist the lineaments of the simple shoemaker, and of the genius with the apparent shoe-physiognomy, must be very easily distinguishable.

But here I caught myself running my head against another post, for where do I find it written that the head of the genius, and the shoemaker, may not be covered by the same hat? Since travellers assure us that at Dublin in the kingdom of Ireland, the trades of silversmith and bookseller, of saddler and perfumer, and others equally incongruous are united in one and the same person, without the one at all interfering with the other, why may not the two trades of shoemaker and poet be united in like manner? And does not Hans Sachs, the martyr of all the changes in the poetical taste of our country, whose works were at one time the ridicule of the whole nation, yet who is now exalted into a great poetical genius; does not also the old shoemaker, who first brought Nuremberg wit into such reputation, that 'tis at present

as highly valued as Strasburg cannon, or Augsburg money, and whose poetry is become the subject of admiration, imitation, and publication, prove that a shoemaker, notwithstanding the deformity of his contour, may in truth be a transcendent genius. Yet this line of genius must not be confounded with the curved line of beauty. The former may be eminently crooked and deformed, but the latter must never be more than a soft and gentle meander. I therefore think that the philanthropic Lavater might more easily have satisfied the worshipful company of shoemakers at Zurich, and come off with more flying colours, had he resolved the deformity of countenance ascribed to their corporation into the lines of genius. And this might have been done with a very safe conscience, since it would perhaps be difficult to find any class of people who have produced more men of *useful* abilities at least, than that in question. In my opinion this had been a much more seemly *reparation d'honneur* than to have

talked of the personal servitude of so numerous and respectable a body.

But now I began to see plainly that spleen and ill-humour had led me into the above vortex of specious, though false conclusions, and was ashamed of myself. Yet surely this irritation of temper was not wholly unpardonable, since I had been totally deceived in my expectations, and in a place which I conceived to be the paradise of genius and physiognomy, had found neither a genius nor a physiognomist. Yet, as I learned afterwards, persons of pure and genuine ore of the former description abound in Leipsick, but it was my misfortune to set out upon my search without the proper information for discovering them; I dipped my hand at random into the lottery, and drew only a blank. The truth was, that I took the waiter of the inn for my *Cicerone*; who, though a very honest fellow in his vocation, could not at the same time devote himself to the service of his master's guests, and of the lady muses. The honourable groupe therefore among
whom

whom I had acquired weary limbs and ill-humour, were, I presume, to use the florist's expression, only off-sets, of which it must remain for time to shew whether they will display such brilliancy of colouring, as shall entitle them to a place among the collection.

CHAP. III.

A Farce played, entitled, "Appearances are deceitful."

MY lost time and trouble were in some measure repaid by a very instructive acquaintance I afterwards formed. I happened by chance to go into a coffee-house, the common resort of that very large description of persons to whom nothing is so horrible as the idea of spending a moment merely in their own company, as well as of those who only wish for a game at cards or a little conversation, now and then, as some relaxation from business.

I seated myself, conformably to the practice of the genuine physiognomist, in a corner of the room, with my hat drawn very much over my face, my arms crossed, and as it were entirely wrapped up in myself,

self, that supposing any brother of the science to be present, he might recognise me immediately. I am indeed firmly of opinion that one physiognomist will always discover another at the first glance with as much certainty as a free-mason instantly acknowledges his brother. I can even suppose physiognomy to be the grand arcanum of that most illustrious order. Yes, it certainly must be so! How could it be possible, unless from the physiognomy, for a member instantly to recognize as a brother, a man whom he had never seen before, without any other person present being able to form the least surmise how this was effected. Oh 'tis past a doubt!—I have—I have unquestionably fathomed the mystery; this venerable order have long been in possession of our science, though they have selfishly chosen to keep their knowledge confined among themselves. But this selfishness can now avail them no longer; the more liberal-minded Lavater has discovered the secret, and as he never withholds from the public eye what he thinks

may prove of public utility, he has put the whole world into possession of a source of knowledge hitherto confined to the bosoms of only an enlightened few. Thus has it happened with many important discoveries, that they have alike originated with different persons, and in different countries. The same was the case with the air-pump which was equally a German and an English invention, and appeared much about the same time both in England and Germany. The secret of making Porcelain too is not the exclusive discovery of one nation, any more than many very important experiments in chemistry.

I soon began to make my observations upon the numerous physiognomies presented by the busy scene before me. One only excepted, I saw nothing but the most common-place features; but that one fixed my attention very strongly. A short, thick made man was standing by the stove, whose countenance so absolutely defied the whole science, that I could not in a single feature, how earnestly soever I examined it, discover any thing

that led to a probable conjecture of who or what he might be. I revolved over and over again all that I had studied upon the subject, but still the physiognomical magnet remained as ineffectual, as if he had carried a concealed talisman about him.

Thus unable to solve the difficulties by examining the positive side of the question, I was obliged to have recourse to the negative, in hopes by that means of drawing some deduction that might elucidate the matter. In this countenance, said I within myself, I do not see a sharp, penetrating, deeply-indented eye, nor strong bristly eye-brows, nor are the eye-brows very near to the eyes, neither is the skin dry and leathery, nor is the skull flattened at top, or the hind head perpendicular, unless the peruke may deceive, and the head be bolstered underneath, as people with thin calves bolster out their stockings; but the general surface of the whole countenance waves softly, like the sea just curled by a gentle breeze, so that the eye clearly perceives the undulation

lation of the whole, though the waves are so small that scarcely is one distinguishable from the other.

This operation completed, I next called to mind two things. In the first place, a passage in the Fragments, which says, that the absence of the characters here enumerated leads to a strong presumption of something poetical in the head. In the second place I recollected that the same thing which had now happened to me, with regard to this stranger, had previously occurred to another votary of the science who wished to inform himself of the genuine distinctions of the poetical physiognomy. According to his own account he in vain searched through all the ingenious Lavater's effusions, no where could he obtain the desired information. How this happened, and how it could not possibly happen otherwise, I can now very clearly demonstrate. If it be really true, as our great master affirms, that a poet is the most extraordinary animal in God's whole creation; that though he may appear to have a human soul, the case is really

really far otherwise, since he is rather animated by a celestial flame; and though apparently he may crawl upon this earth, yet in fact he soars aloft in the higher realms of æther, notwithstanding that naturalists hold æther to be a non-entity; then it may fairly be inferred, that a soul which is not properly a human soul, and which does not live upon earth, but flutters about the azure arch of heaven, like a hungry fly about the cieling of the dining-hall, cannot possibly inhabit a real, but only an apparent human body.

Thence arises the extreme difficulty of analysing, describing, or even merely sketching the true poetical physiognomy. What poet ever yet could recognize his his own portrait? Does he not always assert, that the pencil or the engraving knife of the artist, has failed in some one, or more of his features? Even Bause acknowledges that Mengs, Meil, and himself must have put their reputation infinitely to the hazard by attempting a series of poetical heads, since no feature in the poet's face is ever still for a moment.

Thence

Thence it follows that every attempt to delineate their physiognomy must be mere bungling, or, according to Lavater's expression, Nurenbergising. To paint or engrave, on the contrary, a speaking likeness of a Newton, a Leibnitz, a Locke, a Wolff, or any other philosopher, whether living or deceased, would be but play, or at most holiday work, since every feature in the philosophic countenance is firm and immoveable as the lines on the canvas itself, and every muscle calm and quiet as the muscles of the lamb. Nor does even Voltaire make an exception to this rule, since among all the thirty-three sketches of his countenance in the *Fragments*, the philosopher alone is to be discovered, in no one can be traced the writer of *La Henriade* or *La Pucelle*. 'Tis for this reason, possibly, that our physiognomical oracle lays it down as law, that if Voltaire really wrote the works imputed to him, his head must have been differently formed from any there delineated.

And now I think I have explained in the most satisfactory, as well as clearest manner

manner the insurmountable difficulties that lie in the way of effectually analysing the poetical physiognomy. Only it must be observed, that I speak of such subjects as are poets alone; for should ought else be mingled with the poetical vein; should for instance a dash of the shoemaker by any means have intruded itself, the terrestrial lines of the latter might perhaps so wholly absorb the celestial undulations of the former, that it would appear no more than a common face, in which the eagle eye of a Lavater alone could distinguish any spark of æthereal fire. When therefore a countenance falls in my way that I cannot physiognomise according to the established rules, I must always consider it as belonging to a poet, till our master shall have given us farther light upon the subject.

Thus did I philosophise upon the man who stood by the stove, till in the ardour of my imagination I could safely have ventured to take my oath that he was neither more nor less than a poet. And now a more arduous question

tion arose ; what poet ? for it was evident that he must belong to a class very superior to those off-sets into whose work-shops my evil genius had already led me. To resolve this question I applied myself to a closer investigation of his distinguishing characteristics, both in face, person, dress, and manners. And here I observed, in the first place, that though the weather was sufficiently hot for the Anana to have flourished in the open air, yet he was clad in a thick plush coat ; secondly, that beneath this I could just espy a leather-coloured waistcoat and breeches, a dress in which he could not at present appear at any court in Germany, however it might have passed current in days of yore. This more fully confirmed my opinion that he belonged to the class of geniuses, for since they are a description of persons who *can* do what they *will*, so they commonly *will* do whatever they please without any regard to common forms and customs. Furthermore, I observed in his mien, as well as in all his motions, a certain innate feeling of superiority

riority over the multitude around him, though whether this feeling were voluntary or involuntary, I could not determine. Even the manner in which he held his pipe was extraordinary, and spake something out of the common road, since it was raised so high in the air, that the waiter, who in virtue of his office was constantly running to and fro, could pass underneath it very commodiously. At the same time he, with uncommon power and energy, blew forth vast clouds of smoke to the distance of at least ten feet, as did formerly the idol Buesterich flames of fire.

From all these premises I was not only convinced that he was a poet, but a poet of Colossal genius; such a genius indeed as was possessed by only one poet in our nation, and I had no longer any doubt that I had the honour of contemplating the gigantic Klopstock himself. The mixture of surprise and transport excited by the idea that I was under the same roof with so great a man, gave a sudden chill to my whole frame, and I was on the point of bowing the knees of my heart before him,

him, when an impertinent doubt intruded itself upon my mind. Was it possible that the pride and glory of the German Parnassus could be alone in a coffee-house at Leipstick, unattended by the train of admirers and flatterers with which I conceived he must necessarily be surrounded, wherever chance, or the æthereal spark by which he is animated, might lead him. It cannot be, said I, that he is making a tour through the provinces as a determined incognito, like many of our anonymous modern authors, who travel about the country, dropping their writings at every place they come to, but never leaving their names at any.

While I was engaged in these speculations, the object of them having smoked out his pipe, came slowly and solemnly to the table at which I was seated, and placed himself in a vacant chair directly opposite to me. Nothing could have happened more precisely according to my wishes, and I did not suffer much time to elapse before I entered into conversation
with

with him, when we catechised each other in the following manner.

MYSELF.

With permission, sir, may I ask if you be not a poet?

STRANGER.

Yes, and no, sir, at your service.

MYSELF.

How am I to understand this answer?

STRANGER.

Formerly, when occasional poems found a ready reception with the public, I let out my muse like a hackney-horse. I endeavoured to tread in the steps of the deceased Gellert, and to acquire every branch of knowledge that he possessed, in which I so far succeeded, that for a while I acquired myself a tolerable livelihood. But since I lost this escheat, I have renounced my claim to sip at the fountain of Hellcon.

MYSELF.

Is this meant as a joke, or spoken seriously?

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

Why suppose it a joke ?

MYSELF.

Because I have strong reasons for flattering myself that I now behold the greatest poet in all Germany.

STRANGER.

I might well retort your question, sir. But let me assure you, that I never have been, nor ever will be known in Germany as a poet. For I shall rest in the hope that Caspar Fritsch will not sin against me as he did against Gellert, and after my death publish my casual productions under the title of miscellaneous poems.

MYSELF.

Either, sir, you designedly practise this reserve, or I am unaccountably mistaken in your person.

STRANGER.

Undoubtedly the latter, for I speak with perfect sincerity as most of the gentlemen present can bear witness if required.

I looked

I looked the stranger very earnestly in the face, and as I could not perceive any appearance of roguery or deceit, I thought myself bound to believe what he said. I therefore proceeded: "May I then ask your name and employment?"

STRANGER.

Does the latter clause of your question refer to my literary or civil avocation?

MYSELF.

To both, if you please.

STRANGER.

Civil employment I have none, or at least next to none, for the little office I hold under government is not sufficient to keep me from starving. But in the republic of letters I have an appointment that keeps my head tolerably above water.

MYSELF.

Sir, be you alderman, mayor, high-bailiff, or even secretary of state, 'tis equal to me; you are welcome to my heart. I have long wished for such a meeting with a member of that republic. Holla!—waiter!—a bottle of your eight and forty!

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

Not so hasty, sir. Your transports at the meeting may perhaps abate when you are informed that I hold but an inferior office in this state; not above that of a night watchman. I am of the class of Hacks, and have been for more than ten years employed in the translating manufactory. Now sir, I hope your curiosity is satisfied.—(And here he rose up, and was about to depart.)

MYSELF.

I beg you will keep your seat, sir, unless obliged to go. A night-watchman is in my opinion a very honourable and useful personage, with whom I should never scruple now and then to drink a glass. But I cannot divine how my eyes have deceived me so much. Upon my honour and conscience I supposed myself conversing with a very great and celebrated poet.

STRANGER.

What induced that belief?

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

In the first place your physiognomy, which, according to all the rules of the most infallible of all arts, denoted a poetical, heaven-aspiring soul. Secondly, certain striking external symptoms, which denote no less certainly the corporeal form of the corporation of poets, I mean your lyrical dress. And in the third place, your air, your motions, the manner in which you held your pipe, all seemed to speak the consciousness of superiority, and to command the admiration of the surrounding croud. Methought they said, "Look up, ye pygmies; behold the man whose soaring genius has acquired him the wreath of immortality; behold and admire the never-fading laurels with which my temples are surrounded."

STRANGER.

Do you know by sight the poet for whom you mistook me?

MYSELF.

No; but that is nothing to the purpose; I know him sufficiently by his writings.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

What writings?

MYSELF.

His Messias, his Odes, his Bardiet —

STRANGER.

You did me honour then indeed; you mistook me for no less a person than Klopstock. But this is not the first time that I have been thought strongly to resemble him. You see however that appearances are deceitful.

MYSELF.

Sir, it is not mere appearance. I possess the mysterious art of knowing at the first glance what every man is who falls in my way, be he prince, physician, officer, scholar, poet, chymist, naturalist, botanist, &c. &c. &c.

STRANGER.

Your secret appears to have failed in this instance.

MYSELF.

So I perceive, but cannot comprehend how that has happened.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

I comprehend very well, that if you be, as I suppose, a Prosopomant, or face gazer, this is a thing which must occur not unfrequently.

MYSELF.

What may then be your faith?

STRANGER.

I am a Pneumatomant, or more properly a Psychognomist.

MYSELF.

I understand you not—pray explain.

STRANGER.

One who has the gift of proving the mind.

MYSELF.

By what means?

STRANGER.

By frequent intercourse, and an accurate observation of the conduct and actions of the person whose character I would judge. Where I cannot obtain such a criterion, I either form no judgment at all, or suspend it till, according to the rule prescribed by the master whom I follow,

the venerable Aristotle, I have eaten my bushel of salt with him. Such is the secret of my art; and believe me, sir, it will much less frequently deceive than yours.

MYSELF.

Granted. He who keeps on the beaten track, like a carrier, cannot easily miss his way. But when the question is to go with the greatest possible expedition, we take the strait line, and beat ourselves a path where no foot had ever trodden before.

STRANGER.

Yet one of these hasty travellers is very likely to stumble against a stone or the root of a tree. Had you remained in the highway, my good sir, and not sought the poet by the lineaments of his face, but by his poetry; had my last dirge or nuptial ode been placed opposite to you instead of my physiognomy, I should hardly have had the honour of being this day mistaken for the emperor of poets. Investigate the matter rightly, and you will find that Klopstock being born a man, not a being of higher

higher order, consequently can have no features in his countenance but what are merely human. His sublime genius is impressed on his mind, not on his forehead; and if this genius does give at times to the countenance of the poet a strong pathognomical expression of power and energy, of sensibility and penetration, or whatever else you please to term the effect which the creative faculty at work within him has upon the features, this is no more than you would see also in me, when, seated on my manufacturing stool, I unfurl the sails of my translating vessel, and let it run before the wind with the utmost possible velocity. The case with both is, that we are at that time thinking beings, and this is all that is expressed in our features; all that can be discerned by the most keen and penetrating observer. But supposing the poet walking, riding, or skating, regardless of his pen, or of aught save seeking out a pleasant ride or walk, or a firm piece of ice, who would then venture to pronounce that he had ever written a couplet in his life. In truth the nature of

Klopstock's genius is as little to be discovered in his face, as was that of the great Lewis, when after equipping fleets, winning battles, or arranging important plans, decisive of the fate of Europe, he lay in the evening in the arms of some favourite mistress.

MYSELF.

Hold there, sir!—you are going on like a stream that overflows its banks, and inundates the neighbouring plain. I see clearly that our fundamental principles are as wide asunder as the Zenith from the Nadir, nor is either likely to make a convert of his opponent. I only ask you therefore to hear me out, and I will give you ample reasons why I might very well mistake the night-watchman of the literary republic for the consul. Such a thing may easily happen to a person in a strange country; yet sufficient grounds may be found for the mistake, without in the smallest degree impeaching the truth of the science itself. I confess that the description given of Klopstock by a certain youth who called himself his pupil, all the particulars

particulars that he has trumpeted forth to the four winds of heaven of his dress, his looks, his manner, led me to believe that I might now be blessed with the transcendent honour of taking that great poet by the hand. My eyes told me that you were a poet; in which it appears I was not mistaken, and it was then perfectly natural to inquire what poet. Two circumstances immediately occurred to me by which the biographer already hinted at, has so particularly characterised his hero, that a perfectly unphysiognomical head would immediately pronounce a man distinguished by these symptoms to be the bard himself. Klopstock's upper and under-garments harmonize very ill together: the same, sir, is the case with yours; the poet wears a red plush coat, you, sir, wear the same; and to wear such a coat in such weather as the present, is so great an anomaly, that I might not unreasonably presume the matter thus to be reduced to a moral certainty. But all this is nothing to what is still to come. The biography says farther, that the remarkable manner in which Klopstock holds his pipe on high, as he stands by the stove, is suffi-

cient at once to tell all beholders, "*I am Klopstock.*" Now since it happened that among upwards of thirty people assembled in the room when I entered, you, sir, alone had taken your place by the stove, and manœuvred with your pipe exactly in the manner described; decide for yourself whether I could reasonably form any other judgment concerning you than what you have heard.

STRANGER.

Your understanding is now vindicated in my eyes as well as your judgment. This is exactly the way in which the physiognomists of these days draw their conclusions from a similarity of noses, as you from a similarity of breeches. But, however, I have much to say in arraignment of Klopstock's biographer.

MYSELF.

And what?—pray say on.

STRANGER.

In the first place that the blockhead makes certain peculiarities in Klopstock's manner, and certain trifling and unmean-

ing actions, the sole effect of habit, matter of such astonishment : as for example, his manner of smoaking, which, he says, proceeds from the inward feeling that *I am Klopstock*. Truly I should consider that man as highly ridiculous and contemptible who could make his tobacco-pipe the herald of his fame, nor should ever suppose that the Messias could proceed from the same head with such a piece of folly. What he relates of his night-cap, comes exactly under the same predicament. I can assure you that my night-cap has been precisely in all the situations in which he describes Klopstock's. When I am at my translationic labours, if I cannot thoroughly understand a passage, or round a period entirely to my mind ; the night-cap is scratched first off one ear, then off the other, now pulled almost over my eyes, then thrust quite to the back of my head ; and if the work be very perverse indeed, it is at last thrown against the wall, sometimes even accompanied with a desperate oath. Thus is my night-cap made the vehicle for giving vent to my translationic ill-hu-

mours, as Klopstock's was without doubt for his poetical enthusiasm; yet in neither is it intended as a manifestation of superiority. In the second place, 'tis highly absurd to exalt momentary casualties into habitual traits of character, and then publish them as such to the world. For thus a man is described by actions and circumstances which either do not belong at all to his person or character, or if they do, are not half so distinguishable in the original as in the caricature resemblance. In Glattkin's portrait, Klopstock is in every feature a stiff, solemn, pedant, whereas in nature he is a sedate, honest man; no wit or jester, and still less a fawner or sneaker. But the poet, or the soarer into the regions of immortality, are as little to be seen in his countenance, as, according to your judgment, sir, the night-watchman of the literary republic is to be read in mine. In short, 'tis truly laughable that the trumpeter of this great man should delight in placing his idol in so many situations where he makes a perfectly comic figure. What sort of appearance would the poet

poet of the Messias make at the head of an army? Doubtless much like that made by the equally immortal Flaccus at the battle of Philippi. Would you yourself wish to serve under General Klopstock?

MYSELF.

Who?—I!—Heaven forbid!—It were otherwise however supposing the army to be commanded by the deceased Kleift, who was a soldier by profession, and a poet by the way. But a poet by profession, and a soldier by the way:—no, no, that will never do, at least not in our country. In France indeed, and in Turkey, such a thing might pass, since the armies in those countries are sometimes commanded by a cook or an abbé; yet I never heard of any mighty feats of valour performed by these generals, though in the church or the kitchen they might have passed for great geniuses.

STRANGER.

Would to heaven that our painters, of which we have abundance in these times, both physiognomical and unphysiognomical, would not take upon themselves, while they are yet mere babes in their profession,

profession, and scarcely know how to guide the pencil, to paint original portraits, but would content themselves with sketches from the wooden gentleman whom they can turn and screw about at their pleasure. For to take illustrious originals and caricature them with such crooked lines as a Hogarth alone knew how to manage properly, and then scribble under a sketch, so devoid of taste and judgment, Saint Ignatius or Saint Klopstock, is the most shameless effrontery. Yet this is a species of profanation which we daily see practised, and a set of purchasers can always be found, who, understanding as little about the matter as the painters, buy the pieces either for the sake of the gaudy colouring, or of the name scratched below; and, priding themselves upon the possession of a picture of such value, pay their daily devotions to it as to the shrine of a saint. My God! what would Klopstock say, should some of these delineations of him ever meet his eyes!

MYSELF.

MYSELF.

Probably he would be in much the same case with Chancellor Oxenstiern. That great man is reported to have said, that during the whole of his ministry, he never passed but two sleepless nights; the first when the king would remain at Lutzen, and the second after the affair at Nordlingen. In like manner I think the venerable bard would say, that during the whole of his poetical career his rest was never disturbed more than twice, the first time when he was lashed by the Berlin critics, the second when the biographer in question pronounced his eulogium. I am only astonished that he has remained so quiet upon the subject, and not given some public mark of his indignation at the work, if it be really such crude twattle as you describe.

STRANGER.

I am not at all surprised. Such a man as Klopstock must feel his own importance too strongly, to concern himself with running after every fly that chuses to hum and buzz about his room, and which, with-

out his seeking its destruction, must in a few short days return to the dust it arose. But I do wonder much how the critics have suffered this pamphlet to escape them, and have not long ago consigned it to damnation. Nay the Mercury has even made no conscience of encouraging the author to proceed, and earnestly wishing for the continuation. Supposing a person of age and judgment should see a thoughtless boy guilty of some egregious piece of folly without correcting him, but should rather encourage him to do the like again; and were he by this means to be led into farther follies and vices, till in the end he came to the gallows;—would such a man never feel any reproaches of conscience?

MYSELF.

Undoubtedly he would.—But this is no concern of ours; the Mercury must answer for itself; and probably 'tis not the only thing of the kind for which it may be responsible. I think, however, that if the biographer had taken counsel of others before his manuscript went to the press, it might

might have found its way to a place or which it was much more worthy.

STRANGER.

If one may believe the author, he did take counsel. But you know now-a-days nobody prints except at the earnest entreaty of his friends.

MYSELF.

Well, sir, time has its bounds. Tomorrow is another day; for the present our bottle of eight and forty is out.—I heartily wish you good night.

Master Hack however would not part with me thus. He accompanied me to my inn, and there made so many voluntary offers of his services, that I appointed him to come to me again on the morrow. The evening was spent in minuting down in my journal the occurrences of the day, and I retired to sleep in a much better humour than I could have dared to hope.

CHAP. IV.

Conclusion of the Farce.

My night-watchman kept his word most punctually ; he was with me by eight in the morning, and had been laying several plans for my amusement. He would introduce me here and there ; with such a person I should dine ; I should look over such a person's cabinet of natural curiosities, or collection of paintings, with many other projects of the like kind. By this I judged that he was well known in the town, and I therefore resolved to lay before him some doubts that disturbed my mind, and which he afterwards solved.

But to go the literary round with him I positively refused ; nor would I consent to be the guest of any of the tribe. I had no inclination to return public thanks in some literary newspaper or monthly journal,

nal, for a leg of mutton, as was formerly the practice among the Klotzian community, who always presented their offerings to their Dalai Lama, whenever his person or writings were mentioned, by the transports with which they recalled the happy hours they had spent in his company at Halle, at Leipfick, or at Lauchstadt: a practice which indeed still maintains its ground, since the overstrained homage so often paid to celebrated men proceeds more frequently from the overflowings of the stomach than of the heart. But as it did not accord with my humour to follow this custom of well-feasted *beaux esprits*, I declined the offered banquets, and preferred making a pilgrimage to Gellert's grave. Thither we accordingly went immediately after breakfast. On this occasion I learned that a certain celebrated sentimental traveller, in his sentimental delirium upon the same pilgrimage, under the idea of imitating Yorick's manner, and plucking from Gellert's grave a parcel of intrusive nettles which had no business to grow there, fell upon an old hot-bed, formerly

formerly the property of the clerk of St. John's church, and cleared it of every weed which so fertile a soil had produced in great abundance.

In my return I stopped at the shop of Weidmann's heir, whom I wished to see, and in the name of our physiognomical institute to present him an address of thanks for the part that had been taken by so illustrious a house in bringing forth to the light of day the glorious efforts of the Swiss physiognomist. But, alas ! nobody was at home. I however paid my subscription money for the fourth volume, and once more reached my inn, accompanied by my friend the Hack.

I always forgot to notice what sign my landlord hung out, but I believe it was not one of the most celebrated inns in the town ; yet the guests were well served, and had as good dinners and beds as they could have found in the most sumptuous hotel. That it was not more frequented, must probably therefore have been owing partly to its situation in a by-street, and partly to the worthy owner's not having
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the right method of casting his nets. Two ideas struck me upon this subject, which my guest either from complaisance or conviction, seemed to find very appropriate.

“Scarcely,” said I, “can any thing in nature be found that resemble each other more strongly than the landlord of an inn and an author. Both hang out their signs, the one over his house-door, the other at the entrance of his book; both dressed out to the best advantage, and promising excellent fare within. Both wish for frequent visitors; to obtain which the former pays court to postillions and persons of the like description, distributing many a glass of brandy, a plate of soup, and a civil phrase among them, that they may recommend their houses to travellers; while the author proceeds just in the same manner with the literary postillions who blow the horn of criticism, by whose means he hopes to obtain admirers, examiners, and above all, subscribers to his work. Both also serve up at first to their guests the very best fare in their power, are civil and obliging to every body, and
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are contented with moderate gains; but if they have once mounted the great horse, there are not a more insolent and turbulent set of people under the sun, than the tribe of landlords and authors. The postillions and the critics with whom before they claimed brotherhood, are now no longer worthy of their notice; nay they even turn up their noses at the guests themselves, if they make any complaints of the meagre broth, the tough meat, and the rancid bacon which they choose to set before them. Though indeed complaints are things they have little reason to apprehend; since when a name is once established, prejudice will give a relish to the very worst food. What a nice palate would reject with disgust, thousands of hungry brethren devour as a dainty, provided it be dressed in a sumptuous kitchen. This is sufficiently proved by the seven and thirty cooks' shops, if I mistake not the number, now established in Germany, whence periodical Olla-podridas are constantly issued, and to which nothing comes amiss; all is served up to the guests, and
even

even if the smell be so powerful that they are obliged to hold their noses, it passes only for *haut-gout*, while many a lip is licked at the delicious morsel. What one man alone would not dare to produce, these associated cooks, by means of a little pepper and salt, always make relishable, or at least serve it up as a corner dish to make out the complement.

“ This good fortune however is not experienced by every landlord, any more than by every author. Many a modest man overlooks and revises with anxious care and attention whatever is to be placed before his guests, and wipes off every spot that appears like the traces of a fly upon the victuals. But should he live in a narrow street, like my host, or not understand the tricks of his trade, or inhabit a little garret, not a spacious mansion, like you, sir, in your translating room; whatever may be the sign he hang out, it will avail him nought; he must see, with troubled down-cast eyes, the coaches and six roll by him, and seek an entrance at some more celebrated place of resort, there
to

to be tossed and bandied about at the landlord's pleasure, which these illustrious travellers always prefer to being well served by an honest man in a more humble sphere. Such has been uniformly the way of the world, that many a bad inn has acquired a good name, consequently is always full of guests, and many a bad book has thousands of readers and admirers, while —

“Right, sir, you are in the right,” said Master Hack: for here the soup made its appearance, which I believe had infinitely greater charms for his stomach, than had my eloquent harangue for his ears.

At dinner we had much instructive table-talk, which, God be thanked! was in no danger of being snapped up by the compiler either of Luther's or Klopstock's; and when at length our repast was finished, I laid before my guest two arduous propositions I wished him to resolve. The first related to the distant and frigid reception I had experienced among the literati at Leipstick, which I could not banish from my mind, since I knew well that politeness was esteemed quite at home in
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that town, and that the inhabitants were generally considered as more inclined to exceed, than to fall short of the bounds of civility; howbeit civility may be widely distant from cordiality.

On this point I had ample satisfaction from my companion. About a year before he told me, a fellow had come thither, and, under pretence of belonging to the literary corps, had obtained access to all the principal literati, from whom he insidiously collected their thoughts and opinions upon various subjects, which he had the effrontery to publish soon after under the title of, "*Varieties literary and philosophic, from the writings and conversation of various great and little men.*" This of course gave great offence to the parties implicated, and an agreement was immediately entered into, both by *great and little*, never again to admit such knight-errants of literature into their houses. This explanation reconciled every thing to me; the manner in which I went among the gentlemen was sufficient to impress them with the idea that I might be come upon

upon a like errand, especially since none of them had a physiognomical eye, by which they might instantly have been undeceived.

To the second proposition, my companion did not give me so satisfactory an answer. The question was, how it could happen that in such a town as Leipfick, where every other branch of science and literature flourishes in such perfection, physiognomy, the very right hand of all human knowledge, should be so much in its infancy, when even in our little village in a remote part of the kingdom, a physiognomical academy was already instituted? I should have expected at least that a physiognomical catechism had been compiled for the town's people, and introduced into the seminaries of education as an appendage to the religious catechism of Luther. This negligence appeared too the more extraordinary, since Weidmann, an inhabitant of the place, had not been one of the least forward in spreading the same, and disseminating the principles of this most noble science, by the zeal he
had

had shown in promoting the publication of the Fragments. Could it be that the people of Leipſick were wholly indifferent to the knowledge and love of mankind?

“ I hope not to either,” answered Maſter Hack: “ but fair beſal him who thinks they are to be promoted by phyſiognomy. We have, ’tis true, a *depôt* of Lavater’s Fragments in the town, but ’tis wholly uſeleſs to us; ſince they are conſidered here as mere lumber, and are as likely to find a ſale in Turkey, or in North-America, as at Leipſick. Yet there are a few rich people, juſt ſufficient votaries of the Muſes to entertain themſelves with a *nothing*, and who had rather have a coſtly *nothing* than a cheap one. With theſe indeed they paſs current. I can introduce you, if agreeable, to ſome ladies who call themſelves phyſiognomiſts, where you will find the Fragments in ſplendid bindings, and ſet up in elegant book-caſes. To them this ſcience has proved a moſt valuable diſcovery, ſince they now amuſe themſelves equally with faces and gold-thread, working embroidery with the latter, and ſketching the former

former with their pencils, making as much havoc with the understanding by the one employment, as in the purse by the other."

"How!" I hastily interrupted the impertinent babbler, "do you suppose Lavater's physiognomy, like fairy tales, to be only for the amusement of idle women and old nurses?"

"If I may speak my real opinion," answered my guest, "I think physiognomy about of equal worth with a fairy tale; the only difference I can perceive between them is, that the one is written for children under age, and the other for children of full age. However in many houses where I have the honour of being admitted, this is reversed; and the children turn over the Fragments, while the mother studies the fairy tales. Can you believe, that except the benevolent Lavater, a single man will ever make a serious business of studying the forms of foreheads and noses? All sports of the imagination have something attractive in them, like games of chance, nor do I blame a man who now and then amuses a leisure hour in this way. But
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from my soul I should despise a person of talents, who, by giving up all his time to such fooleries, should become a mere gambler with the powers of his mind—and in this light I truly consider a physiognomist by profession. From what you have now heard, you will, I think, without much difficulty, draw a conclusion why we have no physiognomists here, nor will you find them in any place, except where idling is considered as a man's chief business."

I had heard enough. During the whole of this harangue I had experienced emotions within me that indicated something like a speedy overflowing of the gall: I felt the veins in my forehead swell almost to bursting, and through my whole frame such a degree of agitation that Master Night-Watchman's physiognomy had narrowly escaped being deranged for ever. But I know not how it was, ere I commenced my attack, my politic phlegm interposed, and for that time repressed all violent expressions of indignation, as effectually as the horse-chestnut, or the golden-

den-rinded willow, prevent the corruption of beef, according to Bucholz's experiments upon antiseptic substances. I, however, gave the varlet a hasty dismissal, paid my reckoning, and resolved to set out early the next morning, shaking the dust from off my feet as I turned my back upon the unpropitious town of Leipstick.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

4 DE 58

ERRATA.

- Page 3. line 1. *for it read them*
54. — 19. *dele same*
59. — 1. *after for add understanding*
106. — 21. *for found read formed*
109. — 15. *for obliquity read obliquity*
151. — 18. *for near read nearly*
186. — 12. *dele the second he*
189. — 23. *after this add a comma*
233. — 24. *for most read must*
276. — 2. *after dust add whence*
288. — 6. *after be add compiled*